

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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PENELOPE—THE GREEK MATRON.

BY PROF. S. W. WILLIAMS.

WHEN Fox was asked which of the two poems, the Iliad or the Odyssey, he would rather have written, he replied, "I know which I would rather read;" nor is he singular in his judgment. Without question the Iliad is the greater poem, but the Odyssey is the better story; and after reading the former, we turn to the latter with a feeling of relief. We are not always fond of the dust and din of battle, of the terrible carnage and the deadly conflict. We sympathize rather with a nation's common life. We prefer to learn its manners, customs, laws, politics, and domestic affairs. We take more interest in the stories of constancy, patriotism, and affection than in the tales of courage, ambition, and warfare. The Iliad illustrates the direful effects of wrath, the result of bitter quarrels; but with the exception of two or three delightful episodes, it contains no generous sentiment, no exalted love, no tender emotion. In the Odyssey the surges of passion are lulled, the dreadful fight is over, and captor and captive have retired from the scene. The wanderings of Odysseus, during his ten years' exile, constitute the theme of the poem. We have the tale of his struggles against adverse fortune, his endurance of the evils sent upon him by the gods, his longings for home as he sits by the sea-shore and weeps, his firmness in the midst of hardships beneath which his companions sink, the constancy and devotion of his faithful wife, her matronly dignity, the annoying importunities of her suitors, and finally his return home, and the reestablishment of his authority in his native land. It contains some of the best pictures of domestic life to be found in the classics; and we are struck with the truth and delicacy of feeling which the poem exhibits, and

which modern manners, with all their refinement, can not surpass.

The earlier portion of Greek history, from the immigration of the Hellenes to the overthrow of Troy, contains but few prominent facts. The principal accounts which we possess of this period, denominated, for distinction's sake, the heroic age, are so mingled with mythical legends that it is almost impossible to segregate the truth from the fiction. Nearly all our knowledge of this age is derived from the Homeric poems; which, though they can not be accepted as history, may be safely admitted as correct representations of the times which they describe. In them society is characterized as loose and unsettled, and regulated much as it was under the patriarchal system. The sovereign seems to have possessed a general authority, circumscribed only by custom, and to some extent limited by religion; but there was no well-defined code of rights and privileges which bound the king and his subjects. The mass of the citizens were legislators, and all questions of public policy were discussed in their assemblies. Captives taken in war were generally reduced to slavery; but servitude was not so rigorous as it became at a later period. Agriculture and the raising of cattle was the commonest source of wealth; the men engaging in this pursuit plowing the fields and herding their cattle, while their wives and female domestics busied themselves at home in weaving, sewing, and washing. These employments were the occupation of the higher classes as well as of servants. Thus we find Odysseus at the plow, Penelope at the loom, and the princess Nausicaa at the wash.

During this age the life of the Greek woman, though domestic, was quite different from Oriental seclusion. Polygamy was almost unknown; the marriage tie was generally respected, while marriage was contracted from mutual affection and with the free consent of the parents. The

form consisted in a sort of purchase, the bridegroom making presents to the bride's father, as Jacob did for Rachel, or Shechem offered to do for Dinah. Gifts were, however, often made by the parents to their daughter on the occasion of her nuptials. The matron mingled freely with the family and her husband's guests, and had the care of the household and the management of the domestic servants. Though employed herself in all the indoor duties of her house, the drudgery was performed by her maids. The under-management of the children and servants was given to the female housekeeper or stewardess, an important character in the Greek family, as the head servant was in the Oriental States.

Hospitality was a distinguishing feature in the heroic age. Every stranger was regarded as under the protection of Zeus, and was received in his name and kindly treated for his sake. If hungry, he was fed; if naked, clothed; if soiled and weary from travel, he was refreshed with the bath and waited on by the servants; and no question concerning his journey, his business, or his family was asked till this was done. In all these duties, the matron presided. Besides this ungrudging hospitality, valuable gifts were often bestowed on guests, and the alliance thus contracted was esteemed sacred. These tokens of friendship were handed down from father to son; and on the battle-plain of Troy, Diomedes recounts to Glaucus the gifts which their ancestors had presented to one another as guest friends.

As a fitting representative of the ancient Greek matron, *PENELOPE* has been well selected. Her praises abound in epic song and classic story; and her wifely demeanor, her unswerving faith, her ardent love, her unchilled hopefulness, and her untiring industry commend her to our own day as a model of her sex. Penelope was the daughter of Iearius, and in girlhood was wedded to Odysseus, the son of Laertes, ruler of Ithaca. Not long after the marriage her husband was summoned with the other heroes to take part in the expedition against Troy. Preferring to remain with his young wife, Odysseus feigned madness, but his trick was discovered and he was compelled to go. Their only child, Telemachus, was yet an infant; and Odysseus, in parting from his wife, took her by the hand and said, "Be mindful of my father and mother as thou art now, or still more when I am away. If I do not return, when thou seest our son with a beard, then marry whom thou wilt, leaving him in thine house." The siege of Troy continued ten years. Most of the warriors returned home, but the weary years went

by and Odysseus came not back. Her son grew up into childhood, into youth, into budding manhood; but she heard no tidings of her absent lord. Day after day she spent in mourning, and when night came she lay down upon her couch, wetting it with her tears and lamenting her cruel fortune. She had little doubt that Odysseus had perished; but where or how she could not tell. Still in her despair the faintest shadow of hope oftentimes arose. Strangers who visited Ithaca were questioned without success; and the very failure to gain any certain information was the occasion of hope. In her night visions she dreamed of his coming, of the hours of gladness and rejoicing in his presence; but day brought back her grief.

In addition to these misfortunes another calamity befell her. Distinguished chieftains from neighboring islands visited her palace to sue for her hand. Finding Penelope alone and defenseless, they usurped authority over her husband's estate, corrupted his servants, and wasted his substance. She was now in the maturity of her charms, though she complains that her days of weeping and nights of watchfulness had dimmed her beauty. Mindful of her conjugal duty, and unwilling to be called the wife of any save Odysseus, she began a large web in her palace, laboring on it with her own hands, and thus responded to the importunities of the suitors: "Since godlike Odysseus is dead, cease urging my marriage till I shall finish this mantle as a shroud for the hero Laertes against the time when the destructive fate of long-slumbering death shall seize him. For some one of the Grecian women might be indignant against me, should he who has possessed many things lie without a covering." From morning to evening she toiled on the splendid web, but at night when her torches were lit she unraveled the work she had done by day. Thus for three years she escaped by deceit and persuaded the suitors; but when the fourth year came some one of her female servants disclosed the stratagem, and she was compelled to finish it.

Telemachus had now arrived at manhood. His mother had carefully reared and educated him, and his filial love soothed and delighted her widowhood, and in some sort compensated for her husband's death. With diligence she still superintended her household, and directed in all the works of her servants; and her beauty as well as her accomplishments made the suitors more eager in their solicitations. So long as her son was a child he did not suffer her to leave him, but now he no longer needed her maternal care. The suitors were eating up his father's estate, and Penelope could frame no

further excuse for not choosing one of them for her husband. Indeed, her father urged it, but would not yet interpose his parental authority.

At the last extremity, when the distasteful nuptials could no longer be avoided, Odysseus arrived at home. Various had been his wanderings over sea and land. Persecuted here by one god, detained there by another, stripped of his spoils which he won at Troy, deprived of his faithful companions whom he took with him from Ithaca, he was finally restored to his home and his family by the friendly interference of the goddess Athené. That he might be able to take vengeance upon the suitors who beset his palace and indulged in their riotous carousals, it was necessary that he should not be recognized, in order to avail himself of any favorable opportunity that should present itself. By her advice he came in the guise of a beggar, in which appearance he was kindly treated by the herdsman Eumæus, a faithful servant of his house. Making himself known to Telemachus, he concerted with him and the herdsman measures to reestablish himself on his throne. Accompanying them to town, he was on his arrival abused and insulted by the goatherd Melantheus and the suitors, who even tried to kill Telemachus. No one recognized him but his nurse Eurycleia and his old dog Argus, who crept up fawning upon his master, and for joy expiring at his feet. With difficulty refraining from tears, he had in his assumed character an interview with his wife, feigned a story of his travels, informed her that he had recently met Odysseus, and that he was then on his way home and would shortly arrive. Penelope did not credit his story, but hospitably entertained him and ordered her servants to prepare for him a bath and change of raiment.

The measures which he took were crowned with complete success. Penelope, not yet recognizing her husband, was with great difficulty persuaded to promise her hand to him who should conquer the others in shooting with the bow of Odysseus. As none of the company was able to manage it, Odysseus himself took it up, and having ordered all the doors to be shut and all arms to be removed, he began his contest with the suitors. In this he was supported by his son and some faithful servants. All fell by his hand, the faithless male and female servants as well as the suitors. Odysseus now made himself known to Penelope, whose unyielding devotion at last meets with its reward.

Such is the story of Penelope, the matron of the heroic age. We turn now to the character and condition of woman in the historic period. At this time and in the very center of civilization woman was regarded as an inferior being,

naturally prone to evil, unfitted for taking any part in public life, and useful only as a servant or companion of man. Hence she was excluded from exerting any influence in society, and her sphere of usefulness or of service was confined at home. This social inequality appears, not only in the invectives of the dramatists, some of whom were the unsparing satirists of the sex, but in the calmer treatises of the historians and philosophers. Plato says that women must be curbed so much the more than men, inasmuch as their character for virtue is inferior; and Aristotle declares that in all regards men are better and higher than women. Instead of being the arbiters of taste, and sharing in or directing the amusements of the people, they were debarred from almost all social intercourse even with each other, and employed in the inferior and laborious duties of the household. Hence they were estimated according to their economical value, and not according to their natural character and susceptibilities.

While this was the prevailing sentiment there were exceptional cases, in which a woman's vigor of mind or a larger dower won for her a greater degree of affection, and an enlarged influence in the household. In some of the States, where she seems to have enjoyed greater freedom, her position may have been somewhat different; but even there her worth was only physical. In Attica she was utterly without independence, and considered a minor all her life long. Still worse was it at Sparta. All citizens alike were regarded as belonging to the State, and women were of value only as they were the mothers of strong and healthy children. Puny or ill-shaped infants were immediately taken away and exposed to death; nor could natural affection prevent the outrage. Marriage was almost entirely under the control of the Government; and love, parentage, education, domestic life, and citizenship were regulated wholly by law. The commonwealth was little better than an organized band of savages. The highest boast of Spartan virtue was obedience to the laws, and the much vaunted Lacedæmonian fortitude and courage was nothing better than terror of the State. Even the devotion of Leonidas and his three hundred followers was due much less to patriotism than to military subjugation.

As domestic duties were the sole occupation of the women, so they lived always in seclusion. Their apartments were separate from those of the men; and though they were not exactly a prison, they were still the confined abode of the women, at least till marriage. Though the matron passed to the other rooms for the superintendence of the household, hither she also re-

tired when her husband's visitors were announced. Thus secluded, they saw little of their fathers, brothers, or husbands, except at their meals, and still less of their nearest relations. In public they never appeared except upon special occasions, as a religious festival; and it was then only that they got a glimpse of the outside world.

After marriage these restrictions were mitigated at Athens, though women never went abroad unattended or without being closely veiled. At Sparta, on the contrary, the married women lived in greater seclusion than ever; and the only Greek city where a different custom prevailed seems to have been Alexandria. Here the women were allowed a freer social intercourse, and even to attend at public spectacles. Nor was conversation with strangers interdicted. The fifteenth idyll of Theocritus gives us a charming picture of this freedom from restraint, and represents the light-hearted and merry chat of some female acquaintances as they accompany each other to a religious festival.

In case of sickness, childbirth, or accidents, there is no doubt that elderly and experienced women used often to visit and offer assistance to their neighbors, but they were still in a great measure confined to their own apartments. Such treatment naturally rendered the girls excessively bashful; but the proverbial modesty of the Attic maidens stood in agreeable contrast with the wantonness of the Lydian damsels, and especially with the pert forwardness of those of Sparta. Even married women shrank back and blushed if they chanced to be seen at the window by a man, and their whole behavior was most modest and retiring. Among the better classes, on the other hand, the men were very careful of their behavior in the presence of the women, though they were quite strangers to those minute attentions which distinguish modern society. Rude or offensive language was considered a breach of propriety; but many things were allowed then which are forbidden now.

The education of women, from their early childhood, corresponded with their other treatment. There were no schools where the girls attended, nor any tutors employed for them at home. Their whole instruction was left to their mothers and female nurses, who were generally bought or captured servants. From these they obtained perhaps a smattering of letters, and were taught to spin, sew, weave, and perform other domestic duties. All the meal used in the family was ground by them and the female slaves in rude hand-mills; and it was no light labor to prepare it. As mercers' shops were

rare, all the clothing was manufactured by their hands, and in a large household the looms were probably in use all the time.

If the condition of the free woman of Greece was so degraded, still more pitiable was that of the female slaves. They were employed in every species of domestic service, and even in offices which seem strangely revolting to modern delicacy. Besides serving at the toilet of their mistresses, they also waited on their masters and guests of the family at the bath, and assisted them in anointing and dressing. In the wealthier houses a large number of female domestics were employed, some at the mill, some in the kitchen, and others in the usual avocations of the women. If they were captives taken in war, many of them were reduced from the condition of free women, and from a state of opulence, to that of servitude; and this was the more irksome, because it seldom if ever knew any release. Once enslaved, they were always in bondage.

The age at which a Greek girl might marry was usually from fifteen to twenty years. Marriage was generally entered into for the sake of offspring and the advantages which the wedded state afforded with regard to household arrangements. The modern idea of boarding was not in ancient times thought of, and hence it was customary for men to provide themselves a home to settle in before taking a wife. While there were doubtless many cases of marriage contracted from mutual love, girls were allowed very little liberty to choose for themselves. In such matters a girl's parentage and family connections, her personal beauty, and the amount of her dowry usually determined the case. If her suitor obtained the consent of her parents, as well as of his own, the terms of the contract were arranged and the young couple betrothed. Thus it sometimes happened that parties were united who had never previously known each other. Courtship was a thing almost unknown, as it was disreputable for a free woman to be seen conversing in the streets with a man; and to the women's private apartments men were never admitted. When a girl's father was not living, her brother or other near relative disposed of her.

At the betrothal, the parties to be married solemnly plighted their faith to each other or to their relations. A kiss or joining the right hands ratified the agreement. The dowry was then settled upon the bride, the value of which varied according to the wealth of the parents. On the day preceding the public formality of the marriage, sacrifices were offered to the gods and their divine assistance implored. All the

omens being favorable, the bride and groom, on the morning of the wedding, bathed in consecrated water, and arrayed themselves in festive garments, decked with garlands of leaves and flowers. The house where the nuptials were celebrated was likewise hung with garlands, and the rooms filled with delicious odors.

The bride was usually fetched away in the evening. She was seated in a chariot drawn by mules or oxen, and was placed in the middle, her husband sitting on one side, and one of his most intimate friends on the other. The bridal train was preceded by torches and accompanied with music; and after its arrival at the bridegroom's house, the wedding feast was spread, at which women as well as men were allowed to be present. When the entertainment closed the bride was led to her chamber followed by the groom, and the door was closed. The epithalamium or nuptial blessing was then sung by a chorus of girls, and the company separated. From this time the regular abode of the wife was the inner apartment assigned to the women, except that she shared her husband's couch, which might occasionally be in a chamber detached from her own. The husband and wife naturally took their meals together when no other man was present, for no woman who regarded her reputation could think, even in her own house, of eating in the presence of a stranger. Her principal duty was the oversight of the household, including the furniture, clothes, utensils, stores, and the labors of the servants. She also superintended the cooking, and was the nurse if any of the family was sick. To her was committed the education of the boys till they were old enough to be placed under the care of a master, and of the girls till they were married. Deprived of the society of the other sex, her education and culture were very deficient; yet she was sometimes the ruling spirit in the house, and exercised her authority in a very objectionable way. The wife of Socrates has passed into a proverb for a scold, and it is probable that she was only one of many.

With all their poetry, refinement, and chivalry, the Greeks remained from first to last wholly unconscious of the true characteristics of womanhood. Instead of being an instrument of civilization, woman was made an active agent of social corruption. The need of female society brought forward a class of women whose real character was veiled under the polite designation of *Hetaerae*, or "companions." The talents and accomplishments which were wanting in private abodes they sedulously cultivated. Though not as a general thing possessed of much learning, they displayed much more knowledge

than the average of Greek women, and on this they prided themselves not a little. Many of them were distinguished for their wit and vivacity, and the vigor of their understanding, as well as for their personal beauty. *Aspasia*, for instance, was able to take part in the conversation of philosophers, to discuss speculative tenets, and suggest measures of public economy. So great was the universal corruption of manners that married men esteemed it no disgrace to have a "companion" even in their own house; but over the darker shades of *hetæric* life we must draw a veil.

The laws of the Greeks sanctioned such general profligacy, and their religion fostered it. This was essentially material and selfish in its character. With its obscure doctrine of a future life, it required no purity of private life and no careful abstinence from social vice. Every-where it allowed the indulgence of evil passions, the gratification of sensual desires, and the revenge of personal injuries. No where did it estimate female virtue at its true value, no where did it teach the exceeding worth of the human soul. Its highest divinities were guilty of rapine, lust, incest, and murder; and their worshippers too often followed their example. With such a religion, it is no wonder that society at large became corrupt, and the entire life of the female portion, from infancy to age, was reduced to little more than mere animal existence. Not till after Christianity dawned, and its conquests spread widely over the civilized world did the Greek woman find her true place—the equal, social and domestic, of the sterner sex.

LET IN THE SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHTY.

"HOW gloomy your room looks, Fanny! How can you live in such darkness? Please let me open the shutters."

"O, auntie, it keeps the flies out so nicely when the room is dark, and the sunshine does not fade the carpet, and I think it is cooler too these warm days."

"It keeps out husband and children too, as well as the flies, does n't it? Now, I am such an old-fashioned auntie you will not mind my telling you, Fannie, that I think you miss it in making your family-room so dark and gloomy. You are growing as thin and pale as a ghost, and none of your children are as hearty-looking as they should be. Nothing can thrive without sunshine. You know how sickly plants look that grow in a cellar. Do you know that sun-

shine has been found to be one of the best medicines in nature? There is an institution for the sick in London which is established on this principle. The upper story of the house has a glass roof, and is divided into little rooms, each supplied with a lounge and bathing apparatus. When the patient enters his room he removes his clothing and lies down on the lounge in the bright sunshine, turning from side to side, and this process is repeated from day to day for a few weeks, when the patient is cured. Even the old-school physicians admit that wonderful cures have followed this hot-house system; poor emaciated sufferers, who seemed only waiting for a shroud, have been galvanized into life and health by the process. It was found especially useful in cases of dyspepsia. I believe if your little Nellie had plenty of bright sunshine, she would not be lying so languidly on the sofa here; but you would see a new color in her cheeks and a new activity in her limbs. Fresh air is of great value; but a walk out of doors in a cloudy morning does not inspirit one-half as much as when the sun shines clearly. Do let little Nellie play out of doors with a broad-rimmed hat on, and not one of those close, uncomfortable 'Shaker bonnets.' Do not be afraid of a little brown tinge on her cheeks; it is better than the pallid hue little Mary wore last Autumn-time."

Tears filled the mother's eyes as she recalled the white, still face she had seen borne from her dwelling and laid down under the willows, when the earliest leaves were falling. She glanced with an anxious look at the drooping lily on the sofa, and turning to her guest inquired what could be done for her.

"She grows weaker every day, and does not eat much more than her canary. I am so distressed about her, auntie. I try to tempt her appetite with every thing I can think of, but it is of little use. She never can grow stronger till her appetite improves. The doctor gives me little encouragement about her," she added in a whisper.

"Would you be willing to trust her with me a month, if she is contented to stay, Fannie? You know I am famous for nursing, and our home is so bright and sunshiny I think she will improve fast. She seems to have no settled disease."

"I should be thankful, indeed, for any thing that would benefit my precious child, but I shall miss her sadly. Nellie, would you like to go and make aunt Hattie a visit, and see the pretty ducks and chickens, and fish with Robert in the little pond? Mother used to play under those old maples all her childhood."

The little one's eyes sparkled with pleasure at

the prospect of such a change from her dull home in the town, and the few preparations for the short journey were soon made.

The little one awoke next morning in a cozy bedroom, into which the bright sunshine was pouring, softened by a simple muslin curtain crossed before the window. She dreamily watched the checkered shadows on her snow-white counterpane, and felt her heart grow glad as she listened to the many singing birds in the orchard, and heard the swallows twittering beneath the eaves. Every thing looked so fresh and sweet on her aunt's breakfast table, too, as she entered the family room. She did not turn away from it as languidly as she was wont to do at home. Instead of the nauseous cod-liver oil she had been accustomed to take before meals her aunt placed a cup of the sweetest, richest cream before her, in which were a handful of delicious berries.

"That is your medicine now, darling. Physicians are growing wiser, and have found out that simple cream is a great deal better nourisher than cod-liver oil, as it has the same properties without the disagreeable part. You will like it full as well, I guess," she added smiling.

"O, auntie, this is n't medicine at all. It is too nice. I never could eat any thing after taking that dreadful stuff Doctor Graves left me. I told mother it made me sicker every day."

"And I dare say it did," thought her auntie, as she helped her to a simple country breakfast, which was eaten with a relish she had not known for many a day.

"Robert is going for raspberries this morning along by the meadow lot, and you may go with him if you like. It is not far, and you can run home if you get tired."

So Nellie took a little basket and tin-cup and was soon working away as busily as the robins in the cherry-tree, picking as fast as she could, so as to get her little cup filled before big cousin Robert. Good-natured Robert would drop many handfuls into his pail, so that Nellie always exceeded, and was greatly delighted with her success.

So day after day passed on, and the little invalid's cheek grew rosy and round, and her step as bounding as the little pet deer she played with under the maples. Her month's visit was prolonged till the sharp frosts came; and when she returned home you would never have known the child but for her wavy auburn hair, which alone seemed to be unchanged. Such is the magic of country air and plenty of sunshine.

Have you a little invalid under your roof? Throw open your shutters first of all things and let in nature's great healer. Nothing will so much aid your family physician. If the case is very serious try a change of scene, of air and food—above all keeping the heart as happy and interested as may be. Is your own frame racked by that arch inquisitor, rheumatism? Change your darkened sleeping-room for one that shall, if possible, face the west, where the sun can pour in unshaded by any tree or shutter, and in nine cases out of ten the foe will be vanquished with no other weapon than these golden arrows.

Plenty of sunshine within and without, and your chances of recovery from any illness are increased a hundred-fold.

THE VOICES OF THE SOUL.

BY MRS. ATALANTA B. CADY.

THERE are voices—spirit voices—murmuring ever in our ears,

From fair childhood's rosy hours, down to life's maturer years;

Round our way dim shadows hover, forms unseen by mortal eye,

With their vapor-fingers beckoning on to dim futurity.

On the left, along our pathway, throngs a gay and glittering band;

Eager, smiling, stands the foremost stretching out her snowy hand,

Clasping, with her jeweled fingers, Pleasure's chalice brimming o'er

With the crimson sensual poison, thousands erst have drank before.

In our ears her 'wildering accents bid us drink all care away:

"Banish grief and welcome gladness, quaff the sunshine of to-day,

Lest to-morrow clouds o'erthreaten in our fair and radiant sky;

Drink with her the Circean goblet and forget earth holds a sigh."

Close beside her stands another, with a helmet on his brow;

O'er his tawny blood-stained visage clasps the heavy visor low;

In one hand a glittering saber, in the other kingly crowns,

Which he reaches forth and offers, while the siren Pleasure frowns.

'T is Ambition! cheating monster! but another presses nigh,

With a long ungirdled mantle, and a lurid gleaming eye.

See! his skinny, wrinkled talons, tightly grasp bright gold and gems,

Shimmering pearls and flashing diamonds fit for princely diadems.

At our feet he madly flings them in a rainbow-tinted shower,

Wildly shouting, "Kneel to Avarice, and all, all shall be thy dower."

As we pause and stoop to gather, gentle fingers stay our own,

And a voice of heavenly music, love and peace in every tone,

Murmurs softly, "Wandering pilgrim, they but mock thee, touch them not;

Bought with bitter groans and wailings they will blast for aye thy lot.

Touch them not; they're steeped in poison, slow-distilled from widows' tears;

From the blood of Africa's children, through the long and weary years;

Touch them not, they'll curse thee ever in thy journey here below;

Bar thee from the halls of heaven, drag thee to the realms of woe.

And the sparkling, lying baubles false Ambition offers thee,

Shun them as the wary traveler shuns the deadly upas-tree;

There are thorns within the circle, place it not upon thy brow;

Bleeding, groaning, it will leave thee 'mid thy journey lying low.

And the purple-brimming chalice Pleasure bids thee take and drink,

Taste it not, 't is blackest poison dipped upon the Stygian brink,

'Neath its wave a shiny serpent coils amid the cankering dregs;

It will sting thee; touch not, taste not, 't is thy guardian spirit begs."

Turning then upon the right hand, lo, a trooping band appears

Clad in floating, snowy garments, softly bright as angels' tears—

TRUTH with stars upon her forehead, HOPE as radiant as the dawn,

LOVE with eyes of heavenly luster, drooping lashes half withdrawn;

Earnest FAITH and weeping PITY, eager beckon, softly say,

"Child of the immortal birthright, stop not, stay not, come away."

Fairest of the shining circle stands RELIGION, meek-eyed one;

On her brow a crown of jewels glittering as the noon-day sun;

In one hand the cross of suffering, which the good for aye must prove,

While the other points us ever to the pearly gates above.

And she whispers—softly whispers—"Jesus waits in Paradise;

Waits to welcome and to gladden all who toil and win the prize."

So the spirit voices murmur ever, ever in our ears;

Which shall lead us, which shall guide us, through the dim forthcoming years?

VOICES FROM NATURE.
THE AGE OF REPTILES.

BY PROF. ALEXANDER WINCHELL.

XII.

THE SCOUTS OF THE REPTILE HORDE.

EMPIRES rose upon the earth and crumbled in succession to decay a thousand ages before the foot of Adam had pressed the soil of the garden of Eden. A series of dynasties flitted like shadows over the face of our planet and disappeared beneath the dim horizon of the past, while the empire of man was but an idea dwelling in the Almighty Mind. Here were morning and evening, invigorating sunlight and cooling dew, softly-wooing breeze and fiercely-maddened tempest, Spring-time and Autumn, weeping clouds and placid evening sky, Winter piping his melancholy song upon the withered reeds of Summer, ocean surges waging everlasting battle with the rocky shore, God alone spectator of the progress of the mighty work which was being accomplished. But there was life, and motion, and consciousness, and enjoyment, and death through all those dim and distant ages. Those dim and distant ages—how imagination halts, and faints, and falters in the effort to shoot back over the infinite stretch of years! Life was here, but without a voice, without a wing, without a footstep. The ignoble mollusk held dominion in the sea through all the morning twilight of animated existence.

The mute fish reared his empire on the ruins of that of the mollusk. In the middle Palæozoic ages this first and lowest form of vertebrate existence appeared in all the seas—not fishes clothed in horny scales like those which swarm in the waters of the human era, but fishes clad in coat of mail, bucklered and helmeted with bony plates, and armed with long and powerful spines, or in a later age with a fearful array of sharp and conical teeth. The dynasty of the fishes sprang up in that period when the limestones of Sandusky and Kelly's Island, Ohio, were accumulating as sediments in the bottom of the sea; when Canada West was the ocean's bed, and the last crop of zoophytes was growing upon it; when the beautiful island of Mackinac was a submarine plantation, and the embryo fastnesses of old Fort Mackinac witnessed an onslaught and a massacre more bloody and destructive than that of 1761. The empire of the fishes waxed more powerful during the next succeeding era, when the beautiful sandstones at Waverly and Cleveland, Ohio, were the ocean's bed, and hordes of marine forms roamed over the area of Southern

New York and nearly the whole of Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. This has been termed by geologists the Chemung epoch of the world's history. It probably covers the period of the Old Red Sandstone of Scotland, whose ichthyic populations have been so graphically described by Hugh Miller. The reign of fishes was prolonged through the Carboniferous period; but the types which wielded the scepter during the later ages of the empire assumed less questionable forms, and began to approach the external configuration of the fishes of our day. They were mostly clothed, however, with bony scales, and the backbone extended into the upper lobe of the tail, which was longer than the lower. It is sad to think of the ancient populousness and prowess of these mail-clad fishes, and then turn to our own times and find them reduced to a few isolated, hated, and hunted species. The gar-pike, or "bill-fish," (*Lepidosteus*), and the sturgeon, (*Acipenser*), are the only surviving representatives of the royal family of the Carboniferous age. In turn the dynasty of the fishes was overpowered by that of reptiles.

It was impossible that air-breathers should inhabit the earth before the atmosphere became purified of the noxious gases which remained from the ancient igneous condition of the globe. The principal impurity—carbonic acid—was destined to be consumed by the demands of an abundant terrestrial vegetation. The latter part of the reign of fishes was marked by the advent of multitudes of land-loving, vegetable forms—the heralds of the close of the dominion of races whose element was the water. It was many ages after its first appearance before terrestrial vegetation became fully established. We know that here and there one of these stranger forms grew upon the shores of those seas which were the domain of the fish, and, falling down upon the beach, or borne along by river torrents, the decaying trunks were drifted seaward and sunken among the sands which entombed the bodies of the royal family of the age. We know, too, that the slight improvement in the condition of the atmosphere was responded to by the introduction of a few air-breathers of sluggish and imperfect respiration. The name of the oldest air-breathing animal at present known to have lived upon our earth is *Tetrapeton Elginense*. Its remains have been found in the south of Scotland in a yellow sandstone, supposed to be of the same age as the Old Red Sandstone. The same rock has furnished some other remains, formerly supposed to be the vestiges of fishes, but now known to be the remains of reptiles, and geologists are not by any means of one accord in the opinion

that those sandstones are any older than the Carboniferous age. Besides these, the most ancient traces of reptilian remains occur in the coal measures, which were deposited during the decline of the empire of fishes, in the latter part of the Carboniferous period.

The geological history of reptiles possesses many points of extreme interest, and in order to make them clear to the reader and give precision to the brief account which we are about to furnish, it will be necessary to recall in few words the classification of this group of vertebrates.

Reptiles, in point of rank, are next above the batrachians, which come next above the fishes. Reptiles are purely aerial in their respiration, fishes purely aquatic, while the batrachians breathe water in infancy and air at maturity—exhibiting thus a compromise between the ichthyic and reptilian modes of respiration. The body of the reptile is always covered with scales or bony plates, while that of all modern batrachians is smooth or "naked." The vertebræ of most reptiles are concave at one extremity—generally the anterior—and convex at the other; the vertebræ of batrachians are concave at both extremities, like those of fishes. There are other distinctions to which we need not refer. The frog is the type of the highest order of batrachians, the salamander of the second, and the "fish-lizard" of the lowest. The first is possessed of a tail only in the young, or tadpole state, the second retains its tail during life, and the third retains both its tail and aquatic—or embryonic—mode of respiration.

Of reptiles, three orders which have played a most conspicuous and important rôle in the history of the world are entirely extinct, and three others still survive. The turtles, saurians, and serpents in descending order embrace existing reptiles. The first are inclosed in a carapace, or "shell," the second have elongated forms, generally clothed with scales or bony plates, and almost always possess four extremities; their eyelids are movable, and their two jaws move vertically like those of higher animals; the serpents are equally clothed with scales, but their bodies are more elongated and destitute of limbs; their eyelids are immovable, and each of their jaws is in two pieces, and they have besides an extra pair of jaw-pieces in the roof of the mouth. The extinct orders are pterodactyls, or flying-reptiles, enaliosaurs, or marine reptiles, and labyrinthodonts, or reptiles with very complicated structure in the substance of their teeth, and sometimes, at least, with frog-like forms.

In 1828 Dr. Duncan, a Scotchman, had his

attention arrested by what appeared to be tracks of a reptile imprinted upon the surface of solid sandstone at Dumfriesshire. A few years later tracks somewhat resembling the impression of a human hand were observed upon similar sandstone in Saxony. These were also attributed to reptiles. In this country Dr. Deane and Prof. Hitchcock noticed upon red sandstones, in the valley of the Connecticut River, numerous tracks which they were inclined to attribute to birds, as they were evidently made by *three-toed bipeds*; and in 1836 Prof. Hitchcock published the first systematic account of these footprints, in which he pronounced them to be mainly the tracks of birds—*Ornithichnites*—a conclusion which is very questionable. In 1844 Dr. King, of Philadelphia, also described several kinds of footprints upon rocks then supposed to be carboniferous, but since shown to be of the same age as the sandstone upon which all the other known tracks had been observed. The rocks are the "New Red Sandstone," belonging probably to the Jurassic system, which lies a considerable distance above the coal.

The first indication of the existence of reptilian remains in rocks as old as the coal was the discovery in 1843 by Sir William Logan of some footprints in the coal measures of Nova Scotia. The first reptilian bones were discovered in 1852 in the celebrated coal measures of South Joggins, on the Bay of Fundy. The measures here are two and three-fourths miles in thickness; and along a middle belt of 1,400 feet they abound in the remains of ancient forests—the trunks and stumps of large trees still standing erect with their roots still penetrating the ancient soil. Here, as has been shown by Messrs. Dawson and Lyell, root-bearing soils occur at *sixty-eight different levels*, and between them are deposits of shale and sandstone which must have had an aqueous and probably a marine origin, thus showing beyond all controversy that the level of the locality underwent at least sixty-eight oscillations during about *one-tenth* of the period of the coal measures. Many of these fossil tree-trunks are hollow, and filled with sandstone containing vegetable remains. In one of these hollow trunks the hammer of the Acadian naturalists laid bare some bones which proved to be the remains of the oldest reptile at that time known in America, and which was subsequently named *Dendroperpeton Acadianum*. Different individuals must have varied from six inches to three feet in length, and they were probably batrachians rather than true reptiles, though naturalists do not always make the distinction. These little

animals seem to have had their rest in the hollow of the tree at the time when the flood came and buried them up. Another batrachian was discovered the same year in the coal of Pictou, in Nova Scotia, and in 1859 still another. In 1856 the first batrachian bones were described from the United States. These were discovered by Dr. Newberry, of Cleveland, and C. M. Wheatley, of New York, at Linton, Jefferson county, Ohio. There were three different types of beings. The first had the head and ribless trunk of a frog combined with the limbs and tail of a salamander. The second and third had the vertebrae of a salamander with the ribs of a serpent. The first of these animals has been named *Raniceps Lyellii* by Dr. Wyman, of Boston.

Recently, even as late as July last, Mr. O. C. Marsh has described from the coal measures of South Joggins, in Nova Scotia, the remains of a reptile much higher in rank than any other previously known in rocks of so high antiquity—a true reptile belonging to the enaliosaurs, or marine saurians. This animal, which was from twelve to fifteen feet in length, has been named *Eosaurus Acadianus*.

How scattered must have been the air-breathing population of the globe when, after thirty years of careful observations, geologists have brought to light only the foregoing brief list from the carboniferous rocks of the country! Seven species only—intrepid forerunners of the numerous populations of the succeeding periods—scouts, sent forward upon the earth to spy out the land and test its fitness for the occupancy of the hordes which were to follow!

The coal had been deposited; cubic miles of fuel for the consumption of future generations had been taken from the atmosphere and packed in beds of clay and sand to await the arrival of a far-off race. The air was fit for the respiration of a low order of terrestrial animals, and in obedience to the mandates of creative energy they began to come forth. There was an interval of time in the history of the world when empire hung balanced between the fishes and the reptiles. The first were on the wane, the latter were gathering strength from age to age. Nature favored the latter. Omnipotence bade them march on and vanish and sweep from the earth those lower forms which had been permitted to hold the mastery in creation only because the world was as yet unfit for beings more exalted and worthy. These middle ages are called the Permian period. It was a period of abundant vegetation. Though the acme of vegetable luxuriance had passed, and no more vast deposits of coal were to be treasured up,

the trunks and leaves of the flora of that period preserved in beds of sandstone and shale, attest the productiveness of the Permian soil. In these ages of the world the first lizard-like reptiles came upon the stage—a family belonging to the saurians, but many of them differing from the true lizards in having their numerous teeth implanted in sockets along the margins of the jaws. Occasionally, also, was to be seen the frog-like form of a labyrinthodont sunning himself upon the marshy border of a Permian estuary. No rocks of Permian age are certainly known to exist in our country on the east of the Mississippi. The highest rocks, however, at La Salle, Illinois, contain some fossils which belong to the types of that period, and it is not at all improbable that extensive deposits of Permian age have been entirely swept away from large areas overlying the coal measures of the West.

BOREAL NIGHTS.

BY REV. R. F. TEEPT, D. D.

NIGHT THE SECOND.

IN a former *nox borealis* I took infinite pains to impress the great lesson upon my reader that in every sort of writing "something must be left to the imagination." I propose now to go over the same ground, or rather water, in proof of a proposition which I propose to elevate to the dignity of a maxim, that in all written productions, whether in prose or poetry, that part of the memory known among philosophers as the recollection has a natural right to be consulted.

Many instances of remarkable recollection have come down to us from the early ages. It is related of Hortensius, the cotemporary and rival of the Roman Cicero, that he could spend a day at an auction and at night report every article sold and the price bid for it by the purchaser, as if he had kept a record of each transaction. An old Greek writer tells the story of an Egyptian priestess who could describe the age, aspect, and dress of every visitor to the temple where she served, not only at the time but for years afterward, and that in her old age, after she had retired from the sacred calling, she used to employ her time in recounting these particulars of her early observation to the astonishment of all listeners.

I have many a time wondered at the facility of such orators as Demosthenes, Canning, and Everett, who, after writing out an elaborate oration, wherein there existed infinite complications of thought, arrangement, and expression,

could go to the platform, and with little or no labor of committing to memory, beyond the mere act of writing, repeat the whole performance, not only in the very words selected, but with all the intonations and emphasis provided for in the composition. I have known two persons, both clergymen, who could quote any passage in the English Bible and give the chapter and verse where recorded, or, by having any chapter and verse given them, could repeat the passage with the most perfect accuracy. I have known another person, and I will be definite enough to say that he was my own father, who, for the amusement of a social circle, used occasionally to allow a book to be handed him which he had never seen, when he would read a passage over once, but that very slowly and carefully, and then repeat every word of it while another person held the volume to verify the exactness of his recollection. There is a citizen of the United States now living whom I have known well for years, whose business transactions are numerous and complicated, amounting to several hundred dollars a day, who, nevertheless, can but barely write his name, and keeps no accounts, but whose memory holds faithfully the details of every business operation in which he takes a part. There must be a wide space between that old classic general who could call by name every soldier in his command and that great author mentioned by the intellectual philosophers who could address his servants only by their occupations, calling them boots, or horse-tail, or coal scuttle, or some similar appellation, as he wanted them.

Some part of this immeasurable separation, I think, must be accounted for on the score of nature, but I believe the greater portion of it is the result of cultivation. There is no limit, in fact, as far as I can see, to the culture of this important faculty, and I must, therefore, insist, as here I do, that whatever liberties we grant to the imagination, not only in our general intercourse, but equally in these natural speculations, the memory has a perfect right to be consulted.

II.

It is related by Xenophon, in his *Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, that when his soldiers, in their laborious march toward Greece, on ascending an elevation obtained their first glimpse of that classic water which extends from the Marmora to where it leaves the shores of the old Greek republics, they exclaimed as with a single voice, "The sea! the sea!" And I think I can understand the emotion that filled them at that moment, for I well remember that, when

living in the Western States of America, I longed to see the great ocean as I did for the face of my most familiar friend; and I remember, too, that on every trip eastward the moment I had arrived to the point from which I could behold salt water I was inspired at once to repeat this exclamation of the Greek soldiers. And I will venture to be so personal as to add that one of the strongest inducements leading me at last to settle for life where I now—when at home—reside was the thought of getting where a day's ride in a carriage throughout the warm season would give me to look upon the rolling waves and boundless area of the world-embracing ocean.

Perhaps I am mistaken, but I have seemed to make the observation many times that the sea has some influence in promoting the intelligence of those living near it. Other causes may make inland communities more intelligent than the pelagian populations; but the contact of those who do business upon the great waters, who visit foreign countries, and whose success in life depends directly upon their knowledge of the affairs of other lands, must tend to enlarge the vision and to enlighten the minds of the people among whom they make their residence. It is true that climate must be also accounted for in calculating the education of a community, for it is clear that the bracing air, and possibly the electrical currents, of a high latitude have an inspiring effect upon the intellectual faculties as well as upon the health, longevity, and moral character of a population. The experience of all history goes to show that in all these elements of the highest condition of human life a people living near the sea in a temperate but superior latitude are apt to be a more intelligent, healthy, long-living, and moral people than the general average of mankind. Once in my day I took the pains to reduce the known experience of all nations, ancient and modern, to a thorough test of this general statement. But I have no present inclination to repeat it. My reader may do so if he sees fit, and I will assure him that if he does it carefully, and with proper allowances for all disturbing influences, he will come to a perfect agreement with my own conclusions on this interesting subject.

All things being duly considered, therefore, the human race has great reasons for thanking the Creator for having made the sea. But in my late voyage across that part of it known as the Atlantic Ocean, I was for ten days in a condition to be strongly tempted to forget or even doubt this occasion of devout gratitude. These to me were days of a most dreadful sea-

sickness, and I can hardly understand how an anchorite or a pillar-saint could be persistently devotional in such a state. Besides, I was penned in with a couple of Scotch gentlemen, one of whom was going to England to go as pilot on a vessel built on the Clyde for the purpose of running the American blockade, while the other, though friendly enough to my country, and calling himself the Earl of London, was either intoxicated with Catawba, or in a condition of habitual hallucination from one side of the ocean to the other. The two Scotchmen did not at all agree. They disagreed on every subject. They quarreled even; but, as is common, the rich man had the advantage of the man of only moderate means. The Earl distributed twelve sovereigns, that is, sixty dollars, among the servants of the ship attending him. He made valuable presents to each member of my little family. To one he gave a fine opera-glass, to another a model pocket-knife, to another a very handsome cane, and to me a gorgeously-bound copy of Harper's Pictorial Bible. In fact, as I laughingly told the secesh pilot, the Earl had bribed us all before the Scotch quarrel had been made known to us. But he finally carried his assaults upon his countryman too far for the best of natures. He undertook to convince his antagonist that a Scotch secessionist, going home to enter into the service of a set of people bent on overthrowing the benignest of all governments, could be nothing but the devil. One evening he drove the poor pilot into one corner of the state-room and demanded of him if he did not know he was the devil. The scene was both serious and comical, and the seriousness of both parties made it to me all the more ludicrous. The Earl paid me great respect, declaring that I was a lineal descendant of the great American philosopher, and called me nothing but Dr. Franklin; but I could not persuade him to let his poor countryman alone. So, as I did not leave my state-room for those ten long days, being pinned to my berth even by an almost constant seasickness, I had to endure this interminable hubbub in addition to my malady till the Earl was furnished with other quarters.

In the midst of all this, however, I could not help thinking, in the intervals of my complicated trouble, of the glorious sea, over which, by the pressure of both wind and steam, we fairly flew. We were followed from New York to Liverpool by a roaring breeze, and the ocean was, consequently, very rough. Standing at the little window of my room, called a dead-light, while the full moon was pouring a flood of reflected radiance upon the tumultuous surface

of the water, and watching the monstrous waves coming from a distance, and at last dashing with irresistible violence against the sides of the ship, sometimes seeming to lift it clear out of the ocean, at other times breaking entirely over it and falling into the sea on the other side, I obtained some pictures of the sea which never can pass from my memory or fade from my imagination. At one time we had a veritable gale. The sea was furious, and in the thickest of the conflict the engine suddenly ceased its motion. It was in the middle of the night. The passengers were thoroughly alarmed, and they came in numbers to my room to get me up. But I told them I was no sailor, and could do no good by any amount of concern. So I left the management of the vessel to the captain and officers, and committed myself to the care of Providence, sticking faithfully to my berth till the storm should abate, or all should be sublimely buried in the embrace of ocean.

III.

Modern philosophers, full of the self-sufficiency of their age, have wondered how the ancient nations, even those bordering on seas and oceans, should have known so little of the science, and especially the art of navigation. It must be remembered, however, that the art of navigation is dependent on the science, and that the science is only a department in the general field of the mathematics. But the theory of an art may be well understood for centuries without prompting to a corresponding application of what is known to any actual achievement; and if we are disposed to reproach the ancients for their meager deeds at sea, our successors may equally reproach us for the tardiness of our advancement in the same work. We amuse ourselves over the Argonautic expedition, the Periplus of Hanno, and the laughable disasters of Ulysses and Æneas on the glassy bosom of the Mediterranean. But let us look a moment at our own progress. Three hundred and fifty years ago Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic in a vessel propelled by wind and sail, and it is not thirty years since the most learned savan of England pronounced the proposal to cross that same ocean by any other force a dream; but here am I on the soil of England, who have measured the sea's breadth in a vessel which, in spite of the prediction of Dr. Lardner, has made the round trip from Liverpool to New York and back again on the coal it took in before leaving Britain. We have finally made this progress, but after three centuries of the most dogged adherence to the ignorance of former ages.

In the year 1620 our English ancestors began to send over their settlements to New England, the first expedition crossing the Atlantic in the dead of Winter, and yet without knowing any thing of the wonderful provision made by the Creator by which the Atlantic voyages are now rendered so rapid, easy, safe, and oftentimes agreeable at the most boisterous period of the year. During the years intervening between the landing of the Pilgrims and the establishment of our national independence, England boasted, as she now does, of being the mistress of the ocean; but it is a singular fact that, excepting what every body knew of the Gulf Stream—that marvelous river of the sea, which carries the warm waters of the southern regions to the northern parts of Europe, tempering their Winters and making their soil green and beautiful—the English navigators for a century and a half discovered nothing of this glorious arrangement of nature. It was left for our own philosopher, Dr. Franklin, at the suggestion of Captain Folger, a fisherman of Nantucket, to discover and publish what we now know of the two streams, one carrying warm water from south to north, the other cold water from north to south, the two crossing the Atlantic side by side, only running in opposite directions. It was also learned and stated by the Doctor that the warm current keeps at quite a distance from our continent after it leaves the gulf, while the returning stream runs between the former and the shores of our favored country. Up to the date of this discovery the English merchantmen had only learned in Winter to keep within the limits of the Gulf Stream, and this habit had tended to confine them to this track even in the Summer. The commerce of Europe, therefore, had found no way of getting to America but by facing this current of warm water till it landed those trusting to it on the shores of the Carolinas, and the consequence was that the ignorance of European seamen was rapidly building up commercial *emporia* in the Southern States, particularly at Charleston and Savannah, till our philosopher taught the world that in Summer the easiest and quickest path to America was that of the cold stream setting southward from the north of Europe, and that in Winter even a ship might keep within the mellow weather of the gulf current till within a day's run of our northern coast, and then strike off into the returning stream, and so make its way all the quicker to Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. He taught the commerce of the world, in fact, that there was no necessity of carrying the products of Asia and of Europe several hundred miles beyond their

natural and best market, to be returned by American coasters back again where they were most wanted and brought the highest price. Whatever the three-quarters of the globe had to sell could just as easily take advantage of this twofold apparatus of nature, of these two remarkable currents, at all seasons of the year, and be dropped at the ports nearest to Europe, to be carried further on as the remote States might demand, as to double the last quarter of the voyage and run the whole distance against a current which for eight months of the year they might entirely avoid. It was a splendid discovery, and it has had a splendid result for the great marts of the Northern and Middle States. Before, the merchants from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts had to send to Charleston for what they wanted of European commodities, and that southern city promised to become the commercial metropolis of the continent. Afterward, and immediately, the world's commerce with America was transferred to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. It may well be said, therefore, that Boston as the birthplace and Philadelphia as the residence of this greatest of our countrymen have more than these reasons for cherishing the memory of Franklin, while New York, which has profited more than all other cities from the labors of his genius, has cause for impressing his name on every brick that shall ever enter into a structure raised within her limits.

IV.

Thoughtful men have for ages celebrated the principle of compensation, as it has been called, which is every-where apparent in creation, and the fact of compensation is so manifest that mankind have been generally contented with their local habitation, though living under all the varieties of latitude from the equator toward the poles. A portion of this contentment is doubtless due to man's facility of adaptation, in body and in mind, to the conditions of his place; habit, too, and patriotism, and our social relations contribute their influence to this result; but these, when closely examined, resolve themselves into elements of this universal law of compensation. It is really true, however, that there is not so much to choose, when all the facts are properly considered, between the different regions and countries of the globe as a man sitting in his chimney corner, or snugly tucked up in bed, is disposed to fancy. I had occasion to think of this soon after my arrival in Great Britain, when a regular cockney in my company began to boast of the partiality of the Creator toward the British Islands in the mat-

ter of this remarkable arrangement, by which a vast caldron of water is heated up under the fires of an equatorial sun, then rushed across the Atlantic in an ever-flowing stream, larger than a score of Mississippi, and finally spread all over the cold seas of northern Europe, and particularly of Ireland and England. It was not so difficult, however, to answer this self-complacency as it was to make the boaster understand the law by which America is recompensed, even from northern Europe itself, for this seeming interposition against her; but I ultimately caused him to comprehend that, while this apparatus of the two currents carried warmth and fertility to the soil of England, it totally spoiled her fish, while the cold water returning to our continent rendered our coast from the banks of Newfoundland to the keys of Florida one immense fishery, and that the finest and most productive one of earth.

V.

Liverpool is not a place of great interest to a traveler from the New World. It is simply a large and growing mart of trade like New York, of which it may be considered a twin-sister, as both cities are the result of a common traffic. The docks of Liverpool, however, which are massively built up, and which stretch for several miles along the Mersey, are objects of interest to any person alive to the present condition of the world. The streets of the city run in all directions, and yet never run far without getting tangled together, after the fashion of the streets of Boston. The soil, where you see it, is a red clay, as unpromising as any soil can be; but by dint of constant dressing and cultivation, the people of the city manage to get up some fruitful gardens and several very green and delightful squares. But the climate does not admit of the rich and luxuriant vegetation of America. The trees here appear like dwarfs, the elms being at first taken by us for scrub-oaks, and the oaks for old apple-trees which had been left to their own instincts. Every thing in Liverpool is smaller than the same thing with us, and one is continually reminded that he has landed on a northern island, where nature is annually restrained by six months of cold. The population itself feels the influence of climate, for in stature they seem to be nothing in the world but half-grown men, or stout, plump, red-faced, and broad-shouldered boys. Some of the horses I saw moving in the streets were huge enough, the largest I ever saw, but it is their bulk rather than their bight that strikes a stranger, and they appear, like their drivers and coun-

trymen in general, to have been raised on beer. But there are as many donkeys as horses in these streets; and these donkeys were objects of curiosity and of merriment with our party, for they are as diminutive a set of little four-footed operatives as I have ever seen harnessed, except in sport. They are a trifle larger than the larger class of Newfoundland dogs; they are harnessed into little carts quite commensurate with their own proportions, and their drivers run by the side of them, shouting to them their bad English, and incessantly slapping them *ad posteriorem* to make them go. The houses of this city are also, in general, very small and low. They are constructed of very indifferent-looking brick. Their inferior stature and squat form are, however, quite consistent with their duty of holding their position in the world, and they seem to tell you, every one of them, that, like their owners, they are conscious of having a place in society, and that they are determined to maintain it. But there are a few large and elegant buildings in this place, among which are the Post-Office, the Exchange, and St. George's Hall, the last mentioned being the most magnificent edifice we saw. The Liverpool library, however, interested me more than any other spot. We spent a very pleasant evening there, our first on the soil of England; and here we first became aware that we were at once and every-where detected as Americans. The librarian immediately addressed me as an American, and I could not help saying to him that I supposed he discovered our nationality in the superior style of our speaking the English language. This sally of pleasantry, which in America would have simply been answered by a smile, did not seem to relish well with our English brother. He accused our nation of being boastful but illiterate; there were a few American scholars, he said, who could make some use of the learned libraries of England and of Europe, but the most of those he had seen were mere sophomores in learning; and he proceeded to magnify the erudition of his country by handing down and piling up on the long reading-table a profusion of his most abstruse and rare volumes, in old English, in Latin, in Greek, and even in Hebrew, among which were the first translation of the Bible into English, the first translation into Latin, the old Septuagint, or Greek translation, the Codex Vaticanus, and a copy of the Babylonish Talmud. By this time my patriotism had got a little touched; so, as the best answer I could make to his attack on American scholarship, of which I knew myself to be a very unworthy representative, I had the vanity to read a paragraph or two

from every work he handed me, and when he seemed to desist from his undertaking, I went on to rummage his whole library, reading and commenting as I proceeded, and closing with a general criticism on the arrangement of his collection, when I at last found I had been pushed into an ostentation of learning which my nature would no longer bear. He looked at my dilapidated old felt hat, which I had slept in through a whole campaign in Virginia, and then at my general outfit, which was the worst I had on leaving home, but of which I was as vain as a Quaker; then I looked at his snugly-fitting garments, at his very white collar, at his nicely-combed hair, at the *tout ensemble* of his gentlemanly apparel and appearance, and we were friends in less than half a minute. The struggle was over; a declaration of independence had been made and carried, and the slouched-batted American and his little party shook hands kindly with their entertainer, going thereafter into the streets, and then to their hotel to laugh over their odd adventure.

CHILD-TRAINING.

BY REV. W. A. DAVIDSON.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—BIBLE.

SOLOMON'S wisdom is conceded—the beauty and excellence of his proverbs incapable of being rivaled. And of all he has said nothing, perhaps, is more truthful than the familiar proverb leading this article, and yet nothing concerning the truthfulness of which there is more practical infidelity. Had it been uttered by Solon, Socrates, or any other uninspired man Christians would have pronounced it one of the phantasms of his excited brain. As it is they do not more than half believe it. This is exceedingly unfortunate. Better disbelieve a thousand other things on record in the Bible. The consequences to the interest of the race would not be half so fatal. The weal of every coming generation largely depends upon the practical and believing observance, on the part of parents and others, of the duty clearly expressed in this proverb.

In connection with this duty, and as a motive to its performance, is found not only a positive affirmation, but a very gracious promise. Hence, he who questions the efficiency of correct child-training to produce correct after-life is a practical infidel. He contradicts his Maker, and makes his promise of none effect. And yet, alarming as this is, thousands of just such in-

fidels are to be found—found, too, it is to be feared, even within the pales of the Christian Church. How comes this to pass? Whence arises this fatal and, we fear, widening infidelity? From what are affirmed to be plain cases of failure—cases in which the child-training was right, but did not result in a right after-life—children trained up in the way they should go, when they became old departed from it? All here depends upon the settlement of this one question, Is it so? Is it a fact that failures have occurred? With the affirmative is, of course, the *onus probandi*. We unhesitatingly and positively deny. For authority we have God's plain and unequivocal declaration. Surely this ought to be sufficient.

Those who affirm cases of failure evidently assume one thing and forget another. They assume that the piety of parents is always sufficient evidence that their children are piously trained; and they forget that the pious training of children is largely dependent upon proper training in other respects. That the assumption is false, history and observation fully and painfully demonstrate. And that the pious training of children implies proper training in other respects—training, for instance, to obedience and industry—is certainly capable of most abundant proof. Those, therefore, who attempt to establish exceptions to the Divine rule must do more than reiterate that oft-repeated declaration that "very pious parents sometimes raise the very worst of children." They must show that these very pious parents actually trained up their children in the way they should go—trained them to obedience, to industry, and for God, and that they did this prayerfully and persistently. But this they can never show.

On the other hand, it is demonstrable that in all such cases the failure is not in the rule but on the part of the parents. Religious training has been either neglected altogether or given in an unskillful or defective manner.

Our position then is, that the rule, thoroughly applied, never fails; that it is invariably and unalterably true—"train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Train him to obedience, and he will be obedient; to industry, and he will be industrious; to religion, and he will be religious.

Train him. That's it. Do not only attempt it but do it; and do it skillfully, earnestly, perseveringly, believingly. Every one of these adverbs ought to be emphasized, especially the last. Train him. Begin early and continue long; while he is a child; from the time he is born till he is a man; till his early good principles and habits become in their way

stronger than his full-grown bones and tougher than his well-developed muscles. Then will he be fully prepared for the moral conflict of after-life. His feet thus firmly planted in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it. What a motive to faithfulness in parental training!

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

BY JENNIE M'LOUTH.

WOMAN'S influence has been the theme of so many sermons by divines, so many lectures from mammas, so many compositions by young ladies, so many ungenerous hints from stoical old bachelors and tender-pated fops, that we are inclined to shrink from the subject, fearing the first thought in every mind will be, "we've had enough of that." Yet be patient awhile. In the above-mentioned sermons, lectures, essays, and hints, the talk has all been not so much what woman's influence has been as what it might be; not to relate the facts but to indulge the fancy. This is hardly fair play, and therefore we intend to pursue a different course.

Woman's influence, as generally understood, appears to be the influence which woman, as the secondary being, exerts over man as the primary, like the satellite of some dark planet, bright, beautiful, and shining by reflected light, which the aforesaid planet, in defiance of astronomy, declares to be derived from itself. In this article woman's influence will be considered only as it affects her brother man.

And, first, we will pay our homage to the domestic women—those who stay at home, attend to their own concerns, do their own work, and especially mend their husband's clothes. Notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, these women are not rare, but their influence is far from being proportioned to the value of their labor. As a class they are far too submissive; bear and forbear is apparently the rule of their lives. Their public influence is nothing, their social influence inconsiderable, their family influence not always what it deserves to be; they bear the heat and burden of the day, but too seldom share either its glory or profit.

Next in order come the social women. By this term we do not mean merely the butterflies of fashion, although they undoubtedly belong to the class. It also includes many, very many excellent women, who, educated amid wealth and luxury, have learned their true

value. These ladies are the conservators of American social life. Would that their power and numbers were tenfold greater than they are! Much has been said of the influence which amiable and accomplished ladies can exert socially in reclaiming the vicious and warning the unwary. Part of this is true, but perhaps the greater part is nonsense. A word or smile often produces a momentary impression, but seldom any lasting benefit. As well might one expect to stop a torrent by throwing pebbles in its way as with soft words and winning smiles to check the course of unbridled passions.

And now we come to a class to which the epithet strong-minded is, perhaps, more applicable than any other. But here, we pray you, regard not the popular idea which can not conceive a strong-minded woman unless she wear the bloomer costume and make public speeches. We have no objection to this, but many women do neither, nor are they the less strong-minded. This division embraces many women in all ranks of society. They stand behind the counter and at the accountant's desk; they study and teach within the walls of the college, seminary, and common schools; they live upon the farm, and in their daily lives unite independence of thought and action. This class, though so widely diffused, is small, yet every-where it is steadily gaining ground; even now its influence is sensibly felt in removing social barriers, and it may yet have power to remove political ones.

The last order we propose to consider is the literary women. Of these our country has good reason to be proud. Few nations of any age can boast so bright a constellation of feminine genius. Lovely young girls and gray-haired women, maiden ladies and matrons, find a place within this charmed circle. Their influence is felt in the log cabins of the clearing, in the pleasant farm-houses of the settled State, and in the palatial homes of merchant princes. Who can estimate the value of their writings? Who can tell how much of strength and cheer, of grace and refinement, they have scattered broadcast over the land?

No one will probably suppose that these classifications are absolute. Many domestic women are also eminently social. Many ladies in society the most admired, at home forget not to order their households aright. Many a strong-minded woman who can brave scorn and despise ridicule, feels none the less keenly the reproach of a friend; and many a literary lady, on whom honor and praise are lavished, turns longing for her mother's smile of approbation.

EXTRACTS FROM A PASTOR'S DIARY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

MIFFDOM, Oct. 12th.

"PAPA," said Hetty, bursting into the study, quite out of breath with running, "I want to tell you something. Are you *very* busy?" she asked anxiously, as her eyes fell on the open books before me.

"Not too busy to listen to my pet, if she has any business of importance."

"It is not very important, but mamma has gone over to help poor Mrs. Green. Mr. Green came for her. She is very sick, so I could not run in to ask mamma if I *must* ask the girls in my class to tea on Saturday. Did not you hear mamma tell me I had better invite them this morning?"

"Yes, I thought it would be a pleasant thing for you all."

"So I thought. But just now I happened to remember that Mary Leeds said last night that the girls were not going to have any thing more to do with me. They have all agreed to it. She said that her father said that you would not take any body's part if they were injured ever so much, and we ought to live on an island or a prairie by ourselves, instead of among folks. So," added Hetty, drumming a tune with her fingers on my study-table, "they decided to let me play and walk alone in future."

"Indeed! and what did you say to her?"

"I? Let me think. O, I said I was glad they could agree on any subject, which was more than their parents could."

"Why, Hetty!"

"Isn't it true, papa?"

"If it is, it was not the best way to reply to them. It would only make them angry."

"O, I spoke just as pleasant as—as a kitten," said Hetty, helped to a comparison by a glimpse of Mrs. Dean's cat on a cherry-tree by the window. "I told her I did n't care. I liked myself for company, and if the girls were suited, I was. I told her how it bothered me sometimes to be polite to them all, when my thoughts were busy, and I'm sure, papa, she did not think I was offended, because she told Sue Atkins that I seemed to be pleased."

"And don't you care at all, Hetty?"

"No, sir."

"There, let those charts alone; and the books too. What busy little hands! Are you going back to school?"

"In a minute. But must I invite the girls to tea?"

"No, I should think not."

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"I wish I might go chestnutting instead."

Hetty put her fat little arm coaxingly around my neck and laid her warm round cheek against mine.

"Chestnutting, Hetty! There are no chestnut-trees near us. I wish there were. We miss the Lanswood woods, pet, do n't we?"

"Papa, do you know that poor old man who sits in the pew by the door in church? The boys call him old Kriss, but his name is Peleg Andrews."

"I have seen him, but I have not yet called on him. I do n't know exactly where he lives."

"Well, I am acquainted with him."

"Indeed!"

"He lives in a queer little house with only one room in it, away outside the village, in the edge of the woods. It is five miles from here, and he walks all that way to church. I think he is real good," said Hetty, earnestly, unconscious that her words were a condemnation of my neglect of him as a pastor.

"He lives quite alone, papa. There is n't a house near him."

"How do you know all this?"

"Why, he told me himself. He looked so lonesome, sitting by himself in the cemetery on Sabbath noons, that I could not help going out there after Sabbath school and getting acquainted with him. The girls laugh about it, but I do n't care. He is *such* a nice old man! He had a wife once and a little girl like me. He showed me their graves in the cemetery."

"I am sorry for him."

"Yes, papa; but I was going to tell you that there are quantities of chestnuts in the woods near his house. I told him I should come and see him when they were ripe, and he said last Sunday that I must come soon, or the boys and the squirrels would get all the nuts. May I go?"

"It is too far for you to walk, but if mamma approves, we will borrow Mr. Stone's pony and carriage, and all go together. Now, puss, run away to school."

"The bell has n't rung yet. I do n't believe I can study if I go—I shall be in the woods all day."

"Do you know, Hetty, why Mr. Andrews lives in that retired place?"

"Yes, I asked him, and he said he could live in peace there. You see," said Hetty, "he do n't enjoy quarreling."

"And you, Hetty," I said, returning to the evidently-forgotten subject, "are quite willing that all these girls should dislike you."

"Why, they do n't really dislike me. They treat each other in the same way. Last week Mary Leeds herself had only me to play with,

now it is my turn. It is only their way, you know," she went on apologetically; "they hear their parents talk about each other at home, and they talk it over at school, and of course they stand up for their own folks. My! how mad they get sometimes! But the girls are not so much to blame. Do n't you see?"

"Yes. But it is a sad state of things when people feel so unkindly. We should pity them and not judge them too harshly."

Hetty laughed merrily, and raised her black eyes wonderingly to my face to see if I were speaking seriously.

"Pity them! Why, papa Lane, *they like it.*"

There had been dark clouds seemingly accumulating over my head for weeks. In vain Mary had tried to cheer me or to divert my thoughts to agreeable themes. I had found it quite impossible to shake off the depression from my spirits. I think if Mary had looked at me impartially she would have mingled with her words of pity and encouragement a little wholesome admonition for the cross and bearish disposition that I exhibited.

"Mr. Lane is discouraged and low-spirited," I heard her remark to Mrs. Dean, who had observed the thunder-cloud on my countenance. Alas! I could lay no such sweet unction to my soul. Disheartened I certainly was, but morose and crabbed enough withal to attempt to bite off a nail. I am afraid I had a miff.

With Hetty's laugh a streak of sunshine rifted through the dark clouds, and they began to break up. The child's philosophic and rare indifference to the whims and follies of her associates was a lesson to me. I saw at once the foolishness of brooding over and worrying about things which can not be helped. At dinner-time I astonished Mary by my returning appetite and sociability, and when I saw her brightening smiles I inwardly resolved never again to visit upon her head the chagrin and disgust engendered by the provoking behavior of other people.

October 15th.—Last Saturday we indulged both Hetty and ourselves with a visit to old Mr. Andrews and a chestnuting excursion. It was one of the softest and clearest of October days. The woods never looked lovelier. The oaks in their magnificent array of russet brown, the rich chrome-yellow of the maple, the crimson ash and maize-colored chestnut, the scarlet hawthorn, and the deep orange of the beech, each in its way contrasted finely with the fadeless green of the ivy and holly, and with the statelier and darker beauty of the pines and cedars. Combined in one faultless picture we beheld the unequalled glories of an American for-

est landscape, brilliant and varied beyond description, but with every color so shaded and harmonized by the great Artist that it seemed to lose its individuality, and to become only a part of the perfect whole. Above us was the heavenly blue of the unfathomable sky, so peaceful in its beauty, so sublime in its declarations of the glory of God.

We spent the whole day in the woods. Mr. Andrews accompanied us, and twice during our stay we missed him and Hetty for an hour at a time. They would come back from some remote forest nook laden with walnuts and chestnuts, Hetty laughing, or singing, or earnestly talking, as the case seemed to require, he carrying her basket and lifting her over difficult places, and both seeming to have abandoned themselves entirely to the pleasures of the occasion.

How soon the short day closed! I felt when we got into the carriage like a new man, refreshed physically and mentally. We had our supper with old Mr. Andrews in his one-roomed cabin. It was a miracle of neatness considering the limited space in which his housekeeping operations were carried on. I was surprised to see in one corner a respectable collection of books, and to find among them standard works of history and biography. Hetty assisted him in getting supper ready. The happy child seemed to fly rather than walk from the house to the carriage, where our eatables were stored, and had the table ready by the time our host had prepared some coffee for our refreshment.

After supper we united in offering up our evening devotions to the Giver of our blessings, and then, after a cordial invitation from the kind old man to repeat our visit, we rode home in the bright moonlight. It will be long before we shall forget the tranquil, innocent enjoyment of that beautiful Autumn day. On our way home we took Hetty's relations to the school-girls into calm consideration, and decided that the safest course would be to remove her from the school and again burden Mary with her recitations.

"I am sorry Hetty, dear," said her mother, "for you are getting on finely, both in arithmetic and grammar, and Mr. Allen is a superior teacher; but I am afraid you will somehow become entangled in the dissensions of your companions if you continue to go."

Hetty's reply betrayed the region to which her thoughts had strayed.

"What a sweet smell the woods have, mamma! And what a many pleasant things the trees and little brooks are always saying! How sociable it seemed after—"

Hetty hesitated, and Mary laughingly completed the sentence.

"After living in solitude so long in the midst of a crowd."

October 28th.—The school-teacher called on us this evening. He seems a fine, intelligent young man, and is also, I trust, truly pious. He began at once to explain the occasion of his introducing himself to us. He had heard that I had removed Hetty from the school because I disapproved of the new method of recitation which he had introduced.

"I assure you, sir," he said, "I had no idea of assuming any improper authority, but I really thought it best for the pupils to give the sense of the answers in their own language instead of, parrot-like, repeating the text. I thought I could in this way ascertain exactly the progress made. I am sorry that you disapprove my plan, because the pupils seem to feel more interested in their studies since its adoption, and also for another reason, which, I am afraid, you will call a selfish one."

"Perhaps not. What is it?" I inquired absently, for I was wondering how such unlikely rumors could obtain a circulation in a sane community, or what interest could possibly be advanced by misrepresentations so trivial.

"Since your withdrawal of Hetty several others have followed your example, and my best classes are quite broken up. The regular examination of the school is to be in three weeks, and it hardly seems fair to place me at such a disadvantage as a teacher for what at most is but an error of judgment."

I could not help pitying him. I remembered when I taught a district school for a living, and the wholesome awe with which I then regarded the visiting committee and public opinion. And all this variety of evils had grown out of the simple circumstance of our keeping Hetty at home.

"My dear sir," I asked suddenly, "are you a native of Mifflin?"

"No, sir." He looked surprised at a question so irrelevant.

"Then perhaps you will believe me when I assert that so far from disapproving of your method of teaching, I sincerely regretted the apparent necessity of depriving Hetty of your valuable instructions. I have always expressed to others my sense of your fine qualifications for a teacher whenever your school has been mentioned. My wife will regret her absence this evening, for she has been desiring for a long time to express her gratitude for the pains you have taken with Hetty. As she has become interested in her studies she has changed

for the better in various other respects. Indeed," I added, patting Hetty's head as she sat on a low stool at my feet hemming a towel, "she has become quite a careful little woman. Papa's housekeeper as well as pet, are n't you, Hetty?"

She colored rosy as she met her teacher's admiring look, and shook her long curls over her face so as to quite hide it from view as she bent over her sewing again.

"When the girls at school united in the determination to shun her society, Mrs. Lane thought it best to remove her from their influence. She has a sunny, affectionate disposition, but a way of stating plain things plainly that might irritate her companions and aggravate the peculiar dissensions indigenous to the place. I think now that we should have consulted you previous to removing her, but it did not occur to me then. Hetty," I asked, "should you like to go to school?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you will be alone there."

"I guess not, papa. Mary Leeds told me last Sunday that they all wanted me back again. She said they had concluded to give up quarreling with me because I did n't seem to care, but they wanted me to promise not to take sides with any of the others in their disputes."

"Well, did you promise?"

"Yes, sir. But I told her it was queer that I must agree to do just what every body found fault with papa for doing."

The teacher's face had been brightening all through our interview, and he joined with me in laughing over Hetty's natural inference. I am glad that any chance has led us to an acquaintance with him; he seems to comprehend all the perplexities of my position, and to appreciate my determination to live in peace. I hope we shall see him often.

November 22d.—It has stormed all night and nearly all day. A regular old-fashioned northeaster, first snow, then sleet, then a cold, fine, piercing rain that seems to penetrate to one's marrow. I have been out in it attending a funeral. An old man, nearly ninety years old, who has been helpless and childish for years, has at last been freed from the chains of earthly existence and put on immortality. The feeble intellect was renewed, and the departing soul looked out brightly from its falling tenement to bid us all adieu, and to give expression to the Christian's hope.

"It is very sweet," he said to me just before he died, "to be so near home."

How often we have pitied that poor old man!

It seemed such a sad thing to linger here after all the friends and associations of youth and manhood's prime were gone forever. How desolate he looked in his quaint, high-backed chair in the corner of the room where his great grandchildren gathered to indulge in the noisy sports and roguish pranks that were never allowed in the family sitting-room! Ah, well! He is rich to-night. Christ, the good Shepherd, has taken him home at last. He will never be neglected again.

What a pitiless storm! Mary and Hetty are speaking about our brave soldiers, the privations they endure, the friends they leave behind, and the uncertainty of their return. It makes our home blessings and united life seem very dear to us, and we wonder that we have dared to murmur over the discomforts of our lot in Miffdom. We resolve in future to look at our mercies and be thankful.

November 25th.—I have found, scattered about in different parts of my parish, a number of excellent families, whose acquaintance is a great blessing to us here. They know exactly how to sympathize with me. They have wealth and influence, and manifest a deep interest in the prosperity of the Church. Indeed, most of the preacher's salary comes from them. Yet, O strange anomaly! so jealous are the majority of the people of this class of their brethren that, in order to encourage their pastor effectually, they are obliged to express their sympathy for him privately. Woe to the preacher who is known to be particularly liked by them! If there were no other reason for his being unpopular with the crowd this would be a sufficient one. To give us a chance to ingratiate ourselves in the good graces of those who were never known to be suited, this class had at first kept aloof from us; but when our Ishmaelites—of whom it can be truly said that every man's hand is against his brother—united for once to give expression to their indignation at my neglect of my duty as a peace-maker, these noble brethren came forward and took upon their own shoulders the burden that so weighed upon mine, and publicly approved my proceedings. A most animating state of things was the result. The whole society fermented and effervesced like new cider. For two Sabbaths the "aristocracy," as my friends were called, had the Church to themselves. Then the cider stopped working, and we began to quiet down into the old track once more.

All this time every body has been clamoring for peace. However the United States may be torn to pieces by the unnatural rebellion of the South, every body in Miffdom goes in strong

for union. In our last quarterly conference this feeling found expression. Indeed, there seemed to be no other business of any consequence to be transacted.

"We shall never have prosperity till we have peace," each one insisted.

"O that the preacher would do his duty and make my brother agree with me!" was the burden of every soul.

I said nothing, but the presiding elder ventured to hint that the best way to settle difficulties, especially those of no particular consequence, was for the parties to meet, bury the hatchet so deep as to preclude the hope of a resurrection, pray together, and shake hands.

A smile at the elder's simplicity went round the circle.

"Ours is a peculiar place, sir," said brother Bowers. "Your plan would n't work here. You see that many of our difficulties have been standing for years. It is of no use to try to smooth them over. They need a thorough overhauling and settling up, and then we can hope for peace. Not before."

"When brother Melton was stationed here," said brother Léster, "I really hoped we should get out of our tangles somehow. *He* was not above doing his duty. Hem! He raked up all the old stories and brought the opposing brethren face to face. There were four of our members who had not exchanged a word for years, and he would have ended that matter but for one thing."

"What was that?" inquired the elder, whose face wore a curious expression of amusement quite distinct from its usual gravity.

"Why, sir, one of those brethren was taken sick and died. He was the only one who could tell how the fuss started; so it was impossible to settle it."

"Indeed!"

"But brother Melton was not discouraged. There were plenty of other cases to look after. There were two sisters living with their father in that little white house over on the bend. The women did not pretend to speak to each other or to their father, and he appeared quite unconscious of their existence. I do n't know how they could have managed to keep house together if it had n't been for the cat."

"The cat!"

"Yes. She was the only medium of communication between the parties. If the flour got low in the barrel, or any other necessary item needed replenishing, one of the women would catch up the cat in the presence of the old man, and, while caressing it, would say, 'Pussy, we must have a barrel of flour soon, must n't

we? And some coal, pussy, or we shall freeze. We do n't like the dark, do we, pussy? so we must not get out of candles.' The old man would listen attentively, and the needed stores would soon make their appearance."

"Did brother Melton reconcile them?"

"Why, no, sir; not exactly. They joined in abusing him and withdrew from the Church; but, I believe, they live now just as they formerly did, excepting that they have a cat apiece now."

"Could not the rest of those who are at variance be persuaded to follow their example and withdraw from the Church?" I asked eagerly, for a sudden hope dawned upon me that in this way we could steer our leaky boat to the shore.

"No, indeed. It would quite break up the Church. If you had troubled yourself enough with the cares of the Church to understand the extent of the evil you would not dream of such a measure."

"If there are a dozen cancers eating up the Church instead of one the more reason for their removal. Of what use are these quarreling members? They ought to have been cut off, root and branch, years ago."

"It is easy enough to talk in that strain. I wish you found it as easy to do your duty by us. I hope our next preacher will be willing to sacrifice a little of his own ease to advance the cause of Christ."

"If you will bring these matters up in the way that our Discipline requires I will engage to straighten them out. But do n't expect me to go about raking open every body's dust heap. I was sent here to preach the Gospel, not to be a public scavenger."

"Brethren," said brother Lester, solemnly, "had n't we better adjourn?"

December 21st.—Among the wonders that I am called to record there can be nothing more surprising than the fact that several young ladies and one young man have experienced conversion, and seem to be zealous and earnest in the cause of their Master. O, for a general work! The Holy Spirit alone can affect the Church and inspire brotherly love. Most of the members stand aloof, watching the young converts with jealous eyes, expecting, if not hoping, to see them stumble and fall. I am surprised at the amount of perfection they require from these tender lambs. The old professor, who should be a man in Christian strength and knowledge, seems to expect these weak babes, just born into the kingdom, to set him a perfect example, and to lead the way in the heavenly journey. They are steadfast thus far, praise be to God!

THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

BY MRS. S. E. FURMAN.

So young in years, so old in thought and feeling,

And strangely beautiful in form and mien;

Long, jetty curls adorn her pale cheeks, stealing

The classic brow so radiant and serene;

And regal bearing all so light and graceful,

We might have deem'd her Judah's youthful queen.

Her large dark eyes, so languishing and tender,

Seem'd ever floating in their unwept tears,

Looking beyond with deep, prophetic vision

Unto the annals of the future years,

Or backward glancing on the sad mementos

That death's dread carnage in the past uprears.

The kindred love that sway'd her gentle being,

Next to her God held empire all supreme;

Her nation's woes and hapless country's honor

Were to her heart its saddest, sweetest theme,

Watching for tidings of a glorious morning

To dawn upon their long night's troubled dream—

Their long, dark night of sorrow, woe, and perils

By fire, and sword, and famine scath'd and riven,

Jeer'd and insulted wheresoe'er they wandered,

And through the earth still ever spurn'd and driven,

Yet clinging to the law and promis'd blessings

When the Messiah's reign to them is given.

And o'er the dark, historic pages pondering,

Meek as a lily bending to the blast;

With these her alien, bruised, and exiled people

In patience biding all the storms o'ercast,

And through the dim clouds still in trust descrying

The weary pilgrims gathered home at last.

O, down long faded years are Summer evenings

Crown'd with a glory luminous and rare,

And still beside the shaded moonlit lattice

She seems to sit the same bright vision there

As when the child worship'd her strange, rich beauty,

And wondering, deem'd her all divinely fair.

And through her sire's halls her songs seem floating

Soft Hebrew melodies of plaintive strain,

With wailing swell as if from Babel's shore

The breeze rung harp-choords mournfully again,

Along the air in pleasing echoes murmured,

And mingled with each solemn, sweet refrain.

But when the doting sire her fond wish granted,

And toward Jerusalem their steps were turn'd,

Perchance to see upon its sacred ruins

That prophecy fulfilled o'er which they yearn'd;

Ab, then it was the blighting buds unfolded,

And death-red roses on her pale cheeks burn'd.

So then her tender feet went down the valley,

The while she murmured as a moaning dove

Of that far land to which she slowly hastened,

Nor saw the long-sought Christ waiting in love

To take her safely o'er the silent river

Up to the New Jerusalem above.

'T were better, too, through all these grieving Autumns

That yearning heart should sleep the peaceful rest;

O, oft from hills immortal, soft as dew-fall,

Drops melody as from a spirit blest,

So like the low, lute-voice of Judah's maiden

That I could think her my sweet angel guest.

TALKING AND TALKERS.

BY REV. VOLNEY M. SIMONS.

SECOND PAPER.

A DISTINCT *enunciation* adds much to the agreeableness of conversation. He who runs on with a kind of have-speed swiftness, mixing up his words so that they can not be understood, is to be both pitied and blamed: pitied, that he has been so unfortunate as to fix upon him such a habit; and blamed, that he should inflict upon others the task of listening to his jargon and *guessing* out its meaning. Just as in music, a jumbling of sounds and words disturbs its harmony and impairs its effect, so this running-on way of talking, by which words and syllables are intermingled and confused, mars its beauty and often makes it intolerable.

Simplicity is one of the chief adornments of conversation. It stands opposed to all that magniloquence which marks the style of the man who is ever intent upon display. He who burdens his conversation with all the big words in the dictionaries, piled one upon another, is himself a burden to all respectable society. Moreover, he is guilty of an unpardonable outrage to all decency and good-breeding, and it were better that he were driven out of the social synagogue, than that its sweet peace and holy harmony were disturbed by the discord of his big words. In the lecture, in the discourse, in the book, or in the drama, this infliction may be endured when it is evidently natural; but in the familiar talk of friendship,

"When friend holds fellowship with friend,"

it is not even allowable, because it violates the native beauty and sweet simplicity of that pure language of the heart which friends always speak; and he who dares do this, to show off his own parts, deserves to be scandalized as inhumanly indecent. Indeed, I conceive the same rule to hold in conversation as in the composition of a discourse; namely, *simplicity the highest beauty*. Hence, the simpler our words the better, no matter if they be quite monosyllabic. The highest perfection of beauty, and the fullest power of expression of our Anglo-Saxon, are reached as you touch upon its monosyllables.

Who has not admired the exquisite grace and beauty of Lord Byron's "Adieu to his Native Shore!" How sweetly its measures run on, and how the heart thrills when reading it, as though dancing to the music of angel melodies!

"Adieu! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea.
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee—
My native land, good night.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when ye fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!
My native land, good night."

Byron here sings out in sweetest poetry the real music of monosyllables.

The same sweetness, though on a more mournfully-pleasant key, sings like a "bird of paradise," through every line of Wordsworth's "Old Man's Song." Its divinest harmonies, like those of the "Adieu" of Byron, swell forth in measured monosyllables. Here is a specimen:

"Down to the vale the water steers;
How merrily it goes!
'T will murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here on this delightful day
I can not choose but think,
How oft a vigorous man I lay
Beside this fountain-brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard."

Now, it would have been the height of absurdity for Wordsworth to have put this song into the lips of an old man burdened with dissyllables and trissyllables, because it would have been so untrue to the simplicity of old age. Much of the beauty of the "old man eloquent" lies in his unaffected simplicity. Not more do his silvery locks and the majesty of his years awe and inspire us, than his lovely simplicity. As he grows old he grows beautiful, because simple. We like to hear him talk, not only because he brings down the traditions of an earlier period, in which he lived, to our own times, but because he does it in a simple way, devoid of "great swelling words." These "great swelling words" are more usually than otherwise the language of "filthy dreamers," or of the apostles of error and wrong, "who turn the grace" of a pure conversation "into lasciviousness," "having men's persons in admiration because of advantage."

The conversation of the family should always be chaste and elevated. In the family circle there should never be felt the poisonous breath of an unkind or suspicious word. No uncivil rudeness—no vile malignity should ever be

allowed to distemper its atmosphere, disturb its peace, imbitter its sweetness, or pollute its sanctity. It is too sacred a place to be corrupted by the low vulgarisms of a conversation elevated but a little above the vernacular of Billingsgate. Nothing should ever be said in the family that would fall harshly upon the purest angel's ear.

We ought to endeavor to talk properly. Not that our ordinary conversation should be so unelastic and mechanical as to deserve the stigma of stiffness; but that it should flow forth like sweetest music from an instrument touched by a skillful hand, with a grace and elegance that duly result from a measure of refinement and cultivation. But it were better that it should be stiff and mechanical even, than that it should be full of inelegances and bad grammar. Some author says, "A handsome man or handsome woman is not improved by a shabby and slatternly attire; so the best abilities are shown to a disadvantage through a conversation marked by illiteracies."

Grammatical correctness can not be too much insisted on, nor too studiously observed. What reason is there in studying grammar as a science, if, in ordinary conversation, all its laws and principles are to be disregarded? And this remark carries with it an unusual force to all parents and educators. Instead of talking all sorts of simpering silliness to your children, give them the example of correct and dignified conversation. It will do them good. They will be influenced by it to a correct habit in this regard themselves. And would it not be better to commence even with the infant in this way, than to corrupt its first ideas of language by all the "dearies," and "footies," and "paddies" of the vocabulary of babydom? And what right has any teacher to vitiate the influence of his teaching by a contrary example? Just none at all. He should talk good grammar, as well as teach it.

Great care should be exercised not to talk too loud. Some persons succeed in making themselves very disagreeable in company by a boisterous way of talking. Of all things this should be avoided as a great impoliteness. Some old author says, "Moderation is the silken string running through the pure chain of all virtues." The sentiment is a beautiful one, beautifully expressed; and it is as much the law of conversation as of any other of our virtues. Be moderate in declaring your own opinions, or in combating those of others, who may differ from you. The best sense and the most brilliant wit will be hardly tolerable if the speaker be boisterous.

Our conversation should be sincere and honest. Any thing that borders upon misrepresentation in what we say, either of ourselves or of others, is a wicked perversion of the divine faculty of speech. He who habitually runs on in his conversation, regardless of the truth of what he says, inflicts a twofold damage—a damage to his own moral sense and to the moral sense of society. Our conversation, if it have no other virtues of correctness, elegance, or wisdom, ought to be strictly honest. What must be the state of that person's mind who needs to practice the arts of concealment and disguise in his ordinary conversation, lest by an accidental word some secret vice should be exposed!

It is the function of the faculty of speech to represent the feelings and the thoughts—otherwise what is going on in the mind. But have we not reason to fear that our modern society is, in this respect, nothing but a base counterfeit? We are not certain that the conversation of one-half of those with whom we daily associate indexes their real sentiments or feelings. Even the sacred fellowship of the family—of husband and wife, brother and sister—forms no exception. And were the mask of deceit torn off, and those who converse together made to see each other's hearts as plainly as they see each other's faces, how would they start back mutually indignant and horror-stricken! The sunbeam does not deceive us with reference to the pure and luminous nature of that great fountain which gave it birth. The flower that exhales sweet odor, perfuming the air, does not deceive our senses with a sweetness not its own. It is itself sweet. Its fragrance is the natural perfume of its own pure breath. The tree whose wholesome fruit

"Invites our longing taste,"

is not itself corrupt; "for a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit." Its pure fruit is the legitimate product of its own purity. And so of every thing in nature. It is true to itself. Only in man—guilty, fallen man—do we discover duplicity and a disposition to deceive. He is not like the sunbeam, nor like the fragrant flower, nor yet like the delicious fruit. The law of deception seems to be written on his tongue, as "with the point of a diamond."

Whether there be any more diabolical influence exercised over the tongue than over other members of the body, is a question more curious than useful, and one to discuss which here would be ill-advised. However, one thing is certain; namely, we need to go back to the fountains of virtue in the soul, and to purify them ere we can hope to converse in a godly and profitable way.

"The tree is known by his fruit;" "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things, . . . and an evil man evil things." The inference is, therefore, logical, "make the tree good, and his fruit will be good." It will be so of necessity and according to nature. This divine philosophy determines the nature of any effect by the nature of its producing cause; and, establishing, as it does, the connection and dependence of what is outward in human life with what is inward, it can alone explain its differences of good and evil. A pure conversation can only originate in the inspirations of a pure heart.

Upon the hypothesis that morally-social influences are eternal, the character of our conversation assumes an importance and magnitude commensurate with the destinies that it is continually working out. If what we say were to be impressed upon the monumental marble, or to live in enduring brass, it would be important to our honor and reputation that it be "as choice silver," or "as a tree of life;" but it is to be transmitted to the indestructible tablets of eternity, to be read out in the great day of assize to our justification or condemnation, as it shall be found to be good or evil. How ought we then to be careful not to say any thing that would offend the ear of the purest angel!

But how much of our conversation does offend against some principle or interest of life, either our own or that of others! How much of it offends against the law of prudence! How much against the law of kindness! How much against the law of usefulness! How much against the law of veracity! How much against the law of charity! How much against the law of purity! How much against the law of piety! Has our conversation always been suitable to conditions of time, subjects, and characters? Has it always been seasoned in such a way as to minister to our hearers the graces of knowledge and spiritual edification? Has it been always free from indecent allusions and slanders? Has it been always conducted so as not to mislead and deceive? Has it been free from "all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking, and malice?" Has it been always instructive, consoling, and "to the use of edifying?" In short, has it always been free from folly, murmuring, and all species of profanity, and to the praise and glory of God?

What a collection of virtues does the wise man connect with an innocent and well-ordered conversation! and what a dignity and excellence of character does he put upon the man who thus seasons his words with propriety and care-

fulness! "His tongue is health; his mouth is a well and a tree of life; his lips disperse knowledge; he shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth; every man shall kiss his lips." What a rich profusion of blessings! Every thing that could be desired—health, life, knowledge, self-satisfaction, and the friendship, gratitude, and admiration of man! Is not this enough? Who could ask richer blessings or higher motives to the maintenance of a pure conversation?

Naturally the excitement of these times turns the social tide toward the land flowing with the blood of our brave brothers and sons perished in battle. Sisters, wives, mothers, and fathers are thinking of them, praying for them, and talking about them, by night and by day, in the street, in the place of business, and in the family circle, desolated and broken by their absence. The war has monopolized the conversation of our Northern society, and in so much diasocialized us upon all other subjects. You can hardly get the attention of any body to any thing but the war.

"The stormy clangor
Of wild War's music"

has hushed the petty discords of weaker passion in the mighty volume of its harmonies, that go pouring over the land like the angry voice of ten thousand blended thunders. The public mind, North, South, East, West, is profoundly agitated about the prospective results of this earthquake shock of war upon our civilization. Well, we hope in God that in his own good time he will drive away the clouds, revealing to our grateful vision the sunlit mountains of freedom and peace, as the disciples saw after the storm the embosoming hills of Galilee.

BLIGHTED FLOWERS.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

How can I see the winsome flowers,
Whose lives have been so brief,
Droop sadly in the chilling blast,
And not be touched with grief?
Buds, which the rarest promise gave,
Half-blown, hang blighted o'er the grave;
And leaves which woke to life last Spring,
Touched by Decay, are withering.
Ye say that they will live again!
Fresh flowers will bloom, I know,
But I have watched these opening leaves,
And learned to love them so;
That, though another year may bring
Around its annual offering,
My heart will not forget the cost
Of what it this year loved and lost.

MY WIFE'S FIRST YEAR IN THE ITINERANCY.

BY REV. L. B. DENNIS.

VARIETY is said to be the spice of life: if so, evidently the itinerant preacher's wife has her full share. More appropriately might this have been said probably twenty or twenty-five years since on the frontier portions of Arkansas and Louisiana, where and when the facts referred to in this communication occurred.

Early in October, 1842, the subject of these remarks pronounced that painful term so often used and so familiar, *farewell*, to her friends in Ohio, to share the ills, bear the privations, and endure the hardships, with her husband, in the South-West, where the authorities of the Church assigned him his first itinerant field.

A few visits were made in Indiana, her husband completely prostrated with disease, the discouraging remarks of friends numerous, the facilities for traveling at that time few, yet she determined to move on as soon and fast as opportunity would offer. These obstacles and impediments were to encounter previously to reaching St. Louis, Missouri; but at that point still greater were to meet her. The water in the Mississippi River was uncommonly low, boats few, and traveling on the river very dangerous. To add still more to these surroundings, an almost empty purse, many miles from friends, and many miles from our expected home. The delicate state of her husband's health greatly augmented her anxieties. She had never traveled on a steamer—reports of several disasters were common that Fall, and many circumstances seemed to be against her. But having laid all upon the altar for God and his cause she faltered not, firmly determined to go as far as Providence would permit, trusting all to his Divine care.

Even with this steady purpose in view, every nerve seemed to be affected as she entered the cabin of the old steamer Caledonia.

To say nothing of scenes surrounding, dangers passed, detentions experienced, the trip was emphatically a severe one. Instead of reaching Helena, Arkansas, in three days, we were two weeks. God in his mercy preserved us, and we reached the Conference near its close. Bishop Roberts was finishing up his last work, for this proved to be his last Conference, as he was unable to attend the Texas Conference, owing to the war then raging there. His remarks at the close of the Conference were eminently calculated to inspire the preachers with a proper spirit for the labors, duties, and difficulties then just before them.

Tears were shed, hearty amens were uttered, the feeling shake of the hand was given, and soon all was bustle and hurry for the new appointments. The writer's name appeared opposite the Saline circuit, down upon the Louisiana line, in the State of Arkansas.

To reach this work required another trip on the river, and many miles by land, and through the miserable Mississippi swamp. Our river trip this time was quite pleasant. We land at Columbia, Arkansas; remain a few days arranging for our swamp trip; find the friends very kind; but we are compelled to make the trip on horseback, that being the only sure means of passing the swamp at that season, as it was now late in November. Mounted, each with a child and other luggage, we move off, and, except one house a short distance out, we pass no human habitation for thirty or more miles. The morning was frosty, the day very dark, the road small, crooked, and rough, and streams numerous and difficult to cross.

Our first obstruction we meet at Mason Bayou—the water is deep and sluggish, the ferry consists of some logs pinned together and called a raft. On such a boat she had never rode before; she strongly objected to getting on, but necessity compelled, and she submitted. Immediately upon leaving the shore the raft went beneath the water some inches. My horse, being equally unacquainted with such ferry-boats, commenced backing till he finally fell backward and disappeared for a time. We all gained the shore in safety, but wet and cold. No time or place for warming; however, we feel glad the stream is passed—bearing the cold, we moved along.

Our next difficulty occurs at Muddy Bayou—no raft, no boat, no bridge, no living soul near; the water deep and much more rapid than the one passed. The horses and myself are crossed by swimming, but wife and children are behind. A large tree from each side is felled, that enables us to place poles from the one to the other. Upon these we crawl over in what is called the "coon fashion."

Returning our grateful thanks for preserving mercy and a safe passage, we plod on. Less and larger streams, sloughs, lakes, and bayous are so numerous it might almost be said water, water, water all the time. Hungry, wet, and weary, a little after dark we reach the place for which we have labored so hard.

The family with whom we stop are very kind; a large, comfortable fire and a rough supper soon enable us to forget the difficulties of the day, and place ourselves in the arms of Sleep.

As soon as we commence inquiry for the

future new difficulties present themselves. There is no house provided for the preacher; no place for him to leave his family. After much anxiety and effort a good brother proposes to let us have a room, built in the shed fashion, some nine by eleven feet in size, having no other privileges—only proposes to board wife and children at low figures, as the board almost invariably consisted of coarse corn-bread, fat pork, and coffee without sugar or cream, and occasionally some venison or bear meat. The room was built of pieces split from the cypress and set on end, but no batting, no lathing, or plastering, or even ceiling—a little smoky fireplace and rickety chimney. Thus she is left among strangers, to grapple with the surrounding difficulties for over four weeks, and privately to think of the past, look at the present, and to contemplate the future.

All who have had experience are well aware, that situated as she was, influenced as might be expected, the scene and time was unusually trying. As a consequence she was not long in expressing to him, from whom she expected sympathy, some of her peculiar feelings and experience, and a wish for a change of surroundings.

Accordingly it was suggested that she accompany the writer around the circuit; to this she readily assented. Arrangements were made, a horse was procured, and we were soon off. As yet she had limited conceptions of the extent of the circuit, the peculiarities of the people, their miserable manner of living, and the long rides awaiting her. She had heard some strong reports relative to the wild beasts, and of some of the impediments to surmount.

Our commencement was through a dense forest of more than thirty miles. The weather cold, the roads muddy, the traveling bad, and the tedious forest, all told a different story to what she anticipated. The first day is passed more pleasantly than expected, and a pleasant Baptist family take us for the night—our fare above medium. The next is less laborious, as my appointment in the neighborhood renders the ride much shorter. We stopped with one of our class-leaders, and such families as his were common in that country; I mean in manners, circumstances, and surroundings. The family consisted of the parents, ten or twelve children, three or four half-starved negroes, and some fifteen or twenty dogs, to say nothing of the little stock which abounded. For supper we had fried sweet potatoes, a little crust coffee, and venison; no sugar, no cream, no bread of any kind. It was now midwinter—the weather uncommonly cold for that climate. Our bed

was rather peculiar. The bedstead was made of green poles in the form of a scaffold, covered with some clapboards. There were probably from five to six pounds of feathers in the tick; no hay, nor straw, nor mattress of any kind. The boards were rough, the scaffold rickety, and my wife unusually restless. Our covering consisted of something called a sheet, and another called a spread; but except for our own blankets, coats, and cloaks, we should have had a chilly time. As the scaffold had been built of green poles that were now seasoned, there was much looseness about it. My wife had occasion to turn over apparently many times, to the no little fear and uneasiness of the writer. As she would turn in one direction our scaffold would careen greatly that way, with a very unpleasant creaking. But a few minutes stillness and she would turn in a different direction, and away we would all move together. I need only add, the night was a tedious one. The very few feathers composing our bed seemed to manifest a great unwillingness to remain under us, as they would slip from side to side. Our breakfast was much like our supper.

We had proceeded but a short distance the next morning before the following inquiry was made: "Are there any more places as hard as that last night?" Receiving an evasive answer she remarked, "That was not half as good as it is at brother G's," referring to the place she called her home. Passing many other places about in keeping with the past, making a journey of some hundred and fifty or more miles, we reached the place of our first quarterly meeting. We found the presiding elder on hand and in fine spirits, and had rather a pleasant meeting, receiving fifty cents as my pay for the quarter, there being no missionary money in those days. As it required a journey of over three hundred miles to make the round yet, and learning that the presiding elder was going to pass the place where she had been boarding, wife determined to return sooner than hazard the prospects before her.

As the Spring came on our friends advised us to leave the swamps and move to the hills in the saline country. Succeeding in getting a much better cabin, where there was a fine spring and a healthy place, we prepared for a move in March. In that country March is generally a pleasant month; but that year it was unusually backward and cold.

On the 24th we made a move. Our company consisted of wife, two children, driver, and self. The first day we had bad roads and a long way without a house, some thirty-four miles. We had gone but a short distance before we began to

witness the reason the morning was so uncommonly dark, cloudy, and gloomy. The snow fell the fastest and in the largest flakes we had ever witnessed in any country. The forest through which we were passing was very dark, dense, and dismal. Often we were compelled to stop and remove the snow from the wagon—having no cover, it would accumulate so rapidly and heavily the oxen could not travel with it. On the load, exposed to all the peltings of the storm, wife and little ones had to ride. At 12 o'clock, M., we found that we were not more than one-third of the distance, if that. The storm was still raging with unabated fury, the worst of the road still to pass, and no possible chance for shelter till we reach the first house, thirty-four miles or more distant.

A few miles from where we stopped for a little time to feed, eat a lunch, and warm a little, we entered the great Pin Oak Swamp. The water averaged from six to thirty-six inches deep all the time, and no chance whatever to evade any portion of it for nine or ten miles in width. As we entered the swamp the snow was still falling most furiously. Probably we had passed some four or five miles while the road was narrow, crooked, and sometimes hard to find. The falling snow and constantly-increasing water rendered the roads worse and worse, till at last the team could move no further. The mud became so soft and deep we were under the necessity of unyoking the oxen to get them out.

After many fruitless attempts to move we found it necessary to submit for the night. The difficulty now is to find some spot uncovered with water: the search is made, but none can be found. The driver and myself cut some dry timber and pile it up so as to rise above the water. On that we kindle a fire. We then cut poles and build a pen rising above the water near the fire, and then place other poles across those, forming a kind of floor. On these we place some boxes out of the wagon. I then carried my wife and the driver carried the children and placed them all on those boxes together; there they had to sit all night. Near sundown the snow ceased to fall, the wind blew up strongly from the north-west, and it became very cold. Our team and horse were tied fast, with the water all around.

Thus surrounded and supperless we had to compose ourselves for the night. Previously to this time my wife had never passed a night in the open air. Much did she dread such severe introduction to these new scenes. Long, long did the night appear. An occasional yell of the wolf, hoot of the owl, and, near daylight, the

gobble of the turkey, was all that broke the monotony of the night.

The morning opened most beautifully, but unusually cold for the season. The ice on the water would almost bear a man; that very greatly added to the unpleasantness of getting around the next morning.

As we happened to have some unsifted cornmeal and a little bacon with us, wife prepared us some breakfast by frying some of the bacon, and then adding some water and meal she baked it altogether. As our appetites were good it really seemed like one of the best of breakfasts.

But our wagon was still deep in the mud, and for many rods it was almost impossible for an ox to pass even without a load. Hence we were compelled to unload the wagon, take off the body, uncouple the wheels, and then take out two at a time, and the driver and myself had to carry every thing probably from thirty to fifty rods before we could reload.

Every thing again arranged, we move on, and a little after dark of the second, instead of the first day, we reach the point expected. A kind reception, a warm fire, a good supper, and one of the best beds of that country, soon made us forget all of the detentions, vexations, perplexities, anxieties, and temptations of the journey, and more fully and properly to appreciate the good. Our situation was now greatly improved. We had a comfortable cabin, an excellent spring, and a beautiful situation.

Some of the brethren at other points of the circuit were a little displeased at the idea of the preacher's wife living in the yard of a very strong Universalist. Hence they began to devise plans for her removal, and during the absence of the writer, unfortunately for her, they succeeded in getting her consent, and she was removed. Again she was subjected to two days' severe trouble, uncommonly hard travel, and a painful personal injury.

In about six weeks I found her in a very poor cabin, water to carry nearly half a mile, and other things accordingly. Her cabin joined hard unto another, in which lived a family of some twelve or fourteen children, husband, wife, and three other persons, something over thirty dogs, and fleas, bed-bugs, ticks, and jiggers innumerable.

And here I was compelled to leave her for some weeks longer. Then she succeeded in getting a little new cabin in an unfinished condition, into which she moved, some seven miles distant. This cabin was ten by twelve feet on the ground; no floor, no shutter to the door, and no fireplace. There were many other inconveniences, but she could submit to almost any thing to

make her escape from the miserable insects and dogs.

Here she was made to feel the need of some of the substantial of life. The brother under whose care she was most particularly placed was rather indolent, and at one time permitted his provisions to run quite low. They had to subsist some days on green corn and milk, with a little venison a few times. This was all owing to his negligence, and his own family fared no better.

She again requested the privilege of going with me to one or two camp meetings. On our way to the second we had to pass a dense, dry forest of more than thirty miles. We had learned the necessity of properly preparing for emergencies, especially with water, provisions, and horse-feed. But on this occasion we had just experienced a heavy rain that we thought quite general; hence we supposed the pools, streams, and low places would all be full of water. So on we moved. A few miles and we found we were beyond the reach of the rain—every thing as dry as can well be conceived.

Our daughter, a small girl, is with us. She is soon seized with a raging fever, and her constant cry was water, water, water! Every little brook, low place, or any thing indicating water, is searched, but none to be found. A little after 12 o'clock, M., the writer is seized with a burning fever. The thirst is so great, the suffering so intense, and the distance so far, we both become quite unmanageable, and beg to be left by the wayside, and repeatedly leave the vehicle of conveyance determined to stop. But she perseveres and pushes on as fast as she possibly can, and long after dark she reaches a place of shelter, having held the child, helped her husband, and driven the horse all the afternoon. The want of water and the raging fever gave her several days of anxious care and severe labor.

As soon as we were able to travel we made an effort to return home, having the same forest to pass, and of course the requisite preparations to make. Our vehicle is an old rickety concern, and now we have trouble from another source. Near the half-way place in the forest our wagon breaks down. I am too weak to work, wife is unaccustomed to such things, and again we are compelled to take our chance in the woods, with but little to eat, very little preparations for sleeping, and much annoyed by the prowling beasts. Reaching home the third day she concludes, lonely as it is, to remain at home the remaining portion of the year. But she was again called to watch many long days and tedious nights around the bed of her sick daughter

and husband. As they began to get around it became necessary to change our location. She succeeded in getting into quite a pleasant family in Bradley county, Arkansas. Here she remained till after Conference, which held its session that year in Clarksville, on the Arkansas River.

Before the return of her husband from the Conference the Fall rains, which are common in that country, had set in. The streams were all full to overflowing, and we were again under the necessity of crossing the great Mississippi swamp, which is always bad, but now terrible. We waited a few days, but it grew worse all the time.

On the 8th of December, 1843, we made the first move toward the place where our goods were. We had gone but a little way when we reached the overflowings of the Saline River. Two gentlemen very kindly proffered to assist us through. A very little way in the water our horses can not touch bottom. Then we place wife and children on some stationary driftwood. We get down, cut some logs, and pin them together, and place wife and children on them, and thus float them till the horses can again reach and wade upon the bottom. This we had to do several times, taking nearly the whole day in crossing, cold as it was. A few days fixing and we start upon one of the most peculiar moves we have ever made. As intimated, the rains were falling more or less every day. The roads were so muddy, the traveling so heavy, and the weather so wet, we found it impossible to reach the points of accommodation, even such as they were.

Early the second morning we encountered one of the most formidable difficulties of the journey. We are compelled to cross one of those deep, sluggish, narrow streams, so common in that country. The bridge was in a condition that rendered it impassable. After a tedious search we found where we thought we could swim the team, wagon and all together. The stream was over its banks for many rods in width. But we thought, as there was but little current, we could move right along, as one part of the team could touch bottom while the others would swim. As our wagon dropped into the main stream there happened to be one of those "cypress knees," so very common in that country, just beneath the surface of the water. That struck against the forward axle, and at once we were immovable. A part of the team were floating, the other portion were just able to touch the ground slightly with their fore feet, but unable to do any thing. My wife had taken much trouble to fix her fine things in a

large chest, and to have that placed near the front of the wagon, so as to watch over and keep it dry. But at this time the wagon kept sinking lower and lower till every thing on the wagon was perfectly saturated, and the chest and my boxes of books all filled with water—till the books became too large for the boxes and crowded their way out. The driver and myself were compelled to plunge into the water, unyoke and unhitch our team as fast as possible to save them from drowning.

Then we were compelled to fix a kind of pole bridge, then unload the wagon, leaving a few things in the bottom, such as pots, kettles, ovens, and skillets, as cooking-stoves were not there then. We then, by means of a bed-rope and Muscadine-vine, were enabled to hitch to the end of the wagon tongue. However, as soon as the wagon moved the body floated off, and the bottom all fell apart, and down went our few cooking utensils, where the water was probably fifteen feet deep. Here we spent the most of the day, and the work, wet, and weariness such as none but the experienced can fully realize. Thus were we for nine days and eight nights in that miserable Mississippi swamp in the month of December, compelled to swim more or less streams every day, and camp out every night but three. To have the rain almost constantly falling from above, and the mud and water from four to twenty-four inches, and sometimes over three feet deep, even away from the regular streams below us, is something calculated to test the fidelity, feelings, and patience of the most stoical. We had quite a number of very nearly such streams as the one described—no ferries, bridges, or other conveniences of crossing.

God in his good providence took us safely through without personal injury, and our suffering but very little in health afterward. Just think of a woman and two small children so long in such weather, and at that season of the year! Thus she terminated her first "itinerant year," having moved five times, traveled over three thousand miles, lived in all kinds of hardships almost, and experienced, as referred to in the preceding pages, the annoyance of insects severe. But she had some good times, enjoyed herself well in religion, and was instrumental, in the hands of God, in the commencement of the most glorious revival we had that year, and we had over one hundred and twenty added to the Church, and as many professed religion. And her shattered health was, fully restored. Thus an all-wise Hand sanctifies many of our surroundings, however afflictive, for our good and his glory.

THE LOVE OF NOVELTY.

BY AUGUSTA M. HUBBARD.

THE restless unquiet of our present nervous age demands, in whatever may ask its attention, no feature so much as novelty. We are ever eagerly asking for the intoxication of some new thing. The little child soon wearies with the twirling of his top or the tinkling of his rattle, and the mother's ingenuity can scarcely satisfy his eager cries for some new baby-treasure. Youth restlessly waits the wearying words of the paternal blessing, and, with impatient good-by kisses, leaves the rich home-love that would have shielded him so warmly, for some new toy to play with—some new lands to see, or some new work to do. And man, his baby heart still living, tires of the playthings and the drudgery of his daily common life; and when the world has all grown dull and trite to him, he shuts his eyes and dreams of novel things—Utopian schemes for earth's regeneration, or sweet lands of Beulah, or, perhaps, thinks out some new arrangement into system of all our human knowledge—some startling theory or invention. Not only novelties in one's individual experience are sought, but for their own sake we relish them any where they may be recognized, though they may affect very slightly, if at all, ourselves. The whole wide world is waiting constantly, with eager, impatient ears, for latest news.

This love of novelty is the natural attendant of a fresh, young life, and is far better than a stupid assent to whatever may be found existing, either in physical condition or in the world of thought. It is the eloquently-pleading voice of the increasing soul for food fitter to nourish its growing manhood. It is the inspiration of adventure, and from its proud discontent are borne some of our most heroic efforts—some of our most glorious achievements. It is the restless, anxious seeking of the soul for God—for that "divine completeness," of which we catch faint glimpses in the instant of our deepest thought.

It is easily seen, however, what this love of novelty, which characterizes so peculiarly our present age, though generally conducive to successful search after truth, may, and often does, by its excessive development, lead us into error, and almost universally steals away that sweet content which even the pleasure of excitement can not equal. We are continually asking for some novelty of thought, and in our craving not unfrequently accept mere novelty for truth. We too often forget that all so-called new truth is simply relatively so to us, because it is but

another form or manifestation of the one essential verity, which being of the very essence of God, has existed forever. In the various modes God has chosen for the communication of his thought, he is continually using language novel and strange to us. Yet it is not the truth itself, but its manifestation, which changes. Thus no truth can be isolated, but each verity exists only as a portion of a complex whole. Hence every incorrect conclusion accepted, becomes an incorrect minor statement in a complicated equation, neutralizing, to some degree, the effect of whatever else may have been accurate. It is thus plainly evident that the task of carefully examining the truth of existing premises is much more profitable than that of forming upon them, carelessly accepted—some new modification of doctrine. But our love of novelty teaches us to hate every careful review of established theories, simply to ascertain the accuracy of our present position, though their study is eagerly pursued, if we make them the data upon which we may advance some startling idea. Thus upon heedlessly-accepted premises many a frail, unstable structure of theory and philosophy has been enacted, dependent for the continuance of its existence upon the mercy of the first careful critic.

This disposition we have noticed may be traced in almost all the literary productions of the age. Illustrations all about us teach that truth which should be so sacred to us, and whose study should be loved for its own exceeding great reward, is often servilely sacrificed to the love of novelty. The desire of producing something new and startling, makes many a one untrue to their own convictions. They try to indicate some position which in reality is not their own, simply because they think that by some ingenious, subtle fallacy, they may apparently prove some original and startling assertion. In the wondering, frightened stare of the calmer, graver, and, to them, more stupid world, they think they find an ample recompense for the life they have poured into their work—life, which, expended in the same earnest yet more sacred toiling, might have safely covered, for the trembling feet of their more timid brothers, many a deep and fearful chasm in their earthly journey. Even ministers of Christ too often feel compelled to yield to the constant and imperative demands of their audience for something new and startling, and they replace the simple and earnest messages God gave them, by curious disquisitions or wild and transcendental theories. Too often, in this thirsty desire for a new and gaudy dress for truth, they sell the truth itself to gain it.

This disposition will explain much of the heterodoxy of our time. The world most sincerely hates to be orthodox, because it deems that so trite and commonplace. Old-fashioned theories, our grandfather's belief, all ancient forms of doctrine, have become quite stale, and must be hashed and respiced to satisfy our present craving love of novelty. Each one must have an individual and a novel creed. It is not so much matter whether true or not; but it must at least be not quite orthodox.

In the general taste and character of our time, also, we may notice this disposition. The world has grown quite tired of simple, earnest, steady people. These qualities it deems but indications of a stupid triteness. To be bound by troublesome convictions is quite tame and old-fashioned. A perfectly-regulated machine works evenly, often silently and unnoticed. But it is the unguided, irregularly-manifested power of some disordered mechanism, dangerous in its sudden, unlooked-for motions, which, with its great show of crashing, tearing force, and its very fearful eccentricity of movement, startles and excites us. And thus also in character the world heeds and admires the erratic, and ignores the regular and systematic. Such unguided power may be acknowledged dangerous and ineffectual for any good; yet its manifestations are certainly novel, and this is regarded a sufficient apology for almost any eccentricity. This feeling of the world is recognized in the common saying, "He does not know enough to do otherwise than right." Wickedness is deemed but spicy. But is not goodness a greater novelty? Should any one bear the imputation of commonplace in being very good? But to walk along with the common herd, in the common path, even if this is the only proper one, is thought vulgar. To go out of it into the byways of your own creating, assuming besides some fantastic dress—some affected peculiarity in speech or manner, is thought genius-like, and manifests the ever-living love of something new. So strong does this love of what is strange and eccentric become sometimes, that symmetry is hated for its strangely-considered triteness and deformity preferred for its apparent novelty.

One sad effect of the excessive cultivation of this disposition, is the discontent it produces. We see the sun set beautifully behind impurpled, hazy mountains, and rise every morning away off in the distant east, and with childish hearts we seek the places it has glorified to us, forgetting that our own home is a place over which to some the sunset clouds have hung—to others, the place first gilded in the morning. All the rainbows end far from us in the beau-

tiful distance, and we restlessly seek their termination, forgetting the golden treasures at our feet, while our own home to some is painted in their gorgeous colors. Always in the distance are the sunsets and the rainbows, and all there is of glory, and we go forth to seek them, for close around us we see but mists, and stones, and mud. The remote is always charming, because the distance ever promises us novelties.

Our occupations, too, weary us, and we see in some new, fresh work nothing but delight. In the distance nothing is noticed but the swiftly-moving fingers and the fast-accomplished work; but in it once we see only the pain, and weariness, and failures. Impelled thus from one to another calling, one would, of course, accomplish not half as much as if persistent in the same vocation.

This love of novelty sees through a foreign air innumerable graces and exquisite beauty, but the elegance that has always been beside us, time has shrouded in a dull veil of familiarity. How trite and commonplace our friends often seem, while we dream of beautiful ideals and worship novelty! We think of the noble sufferers whose robes were whitened in bitterest tears for their high, heavenly home, or of the glorious workers whom time and space must forever separate from our earnest sympathy, and wish them by us that we might pour out for them the richest treasures of our grateful, loving hearts. Yet we forget that all about us there are yearnings that the future world will wish it might have satisfied, deepest mysteries of soul in many a daily life about us, that we may study, that the world will some time vainly ask to solve. The halo that our own fancy has thrown about the heroes and the heroines of our hearts, might better be thrown about the very trite and common friends who daily sit beside us.

But this disposition being innate, must be, in its appropriate manifestation, right and useful. Its evil is the consequence of its misapplication. Love of novelty should impel us to go not *beyond*, but *deeper* for something new. Novelties, like mists, we do not perceive when within them, though they are clearly noticed in the distance. But there is nothing around us which is not replete with them. The simple truth with no fantastic dress, our own quiet home, and our plainest friends, may answer our most eager curiosity for something daily new. Truth may look trite, and even dusty and old-fashioned, yet to our earnest questionings she will every day give us fresh inspiration. Her warmest and most thrilling words are spoken but to her closest friends.

The Edens that the distance shows to us are but relatively so. Our own plain, homely firesides are, from their novelty to others, just as enchanting as the ones we call novel. Close about these homes of ours lie the sealed doors to rich and curious treasures; but we do not wait to unlock them, as we fly over them, looking to the distance in our eager search for something new. In the tiniest flower or roughest stone lie mysteries which tantalize us continually with their almost unintelligible whisperings. Yet by reverential watchfulness we might be able to translate these indistinct murmurings into words of glorious prophecy, or into revelations of wonderful realities.

The dear friends about us, whose triteness, with such torturing discontent, we compare with the bright genius of which history tells us—whose dullness, with the glorious scintillations of some more distant light—even these, commonplace as they may often seem to impatiently-curious hearts, may, in their deep mysteries of soul, if we but study them, afford an unfathomable deep, in which our love for something new may be daily answered. God is eloquently writing truth in the slowly-drawn experience of every human heart. If we will but take the pains to listen to its communication, we may daily learn strange, novel things of God's own utterance.

But when the dark waters have been crossed, and when looking from the other shore upon our earthly life we find the mists dispersed that held us in so closely; when the short, winding path our feet have made becomes clear to us, with its tortuous defiles of danger, its trackless marshes of doubt and suspense, with, too, its occasional verdure, and freshness, and soft, loving sunshine, and angel presence, shall not then this burning thirst to know be satisfied? Or even when with impatient feet we have gone within the penetralia which holds from our eager sight the mysteries of destiny, the sparkling fountain of health, the alchemist's secrets, and the answers to all our torturing problems in theory and philosophy, shall not then the heart rest in full contentment?

The years of eternity and the infinite treasures of Jehovah shall always answer, but never satisfy this love of novelty.

FILIAL DUTY.

THERE is no virtue that adds so noble a charm to the finest traits of beauty, as that which exerts itself in watching over the tranquillity of an aged parent. There are no tears that give so rich and sweet a luster to the cheek of innocence, as the tears of filial sorrow.

BURIAL AT CAMP.

BY MRS. E. A. B. MITCHELL.

BEAR gently, so gently, the rough-made bier,
 Perchance the freed spirit is hovering near;
 Then let these last tributes of tenderness prove
 The truth of your homage, the depth of your love.
 Now halt by the grave-side, the coffin lid raise,
 Once more on your comrade in mute sorrow gaze;
 How peaceful he sleeps in his blanket all gore,
 His sword by his side—ah, he 'll need it no more.
 Draw near ye, the truest, the freest from guile,
 And kiss the cold lips that will never more smile;
 For that mother's sake, who will gratefully bless;
 From the damp, clotted hair sever one precious tress.
 And then the lid softly, but firmly replace;
 Great God! there is one that to look on that face,
 And there by his side in that coffin to lie,
 Would willingly, cheerfully, happily die.
 Ay, linger one moment in silence to pray
 For those who will sorrow for him far away;
 For her who will read o'er the list of the lost;
 Alas, what sorrows doth liberty cost!
 But lower down carefully into the grave
 The brother so kind and the soldier so brave;
 There, lay the turf lightly above his calm breast,
 And leave him with God until judgment to rest!
 And while o'er his form peals the loud-booming gun,
 Remember that he hath his last battle won—
 Hath conquered the foe the bravest may dread,
 And the crown of the victor shall rest on his head.
 Then on unto battle undaunted again,
 Nor think ye one hero hath fallen in vain;
 The blood of each martyr cries loudly to God,
 And traitors shall bow 'neath his almighty rod!

THE MINISTRY OF LIFE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

I. CHILDHOOD.

MINSTREL, sweep the sounding string;
 Silver song-waves round us fling;
 Children we, who pant to ride
 On time's blissful music-tide—
 Holiest harmony to prove—
 Into seas of larger love.
 Down the stream we gayly swim;
 Minstrel, sweep the sounding string!
 Lightly, minstrel, play the string.
 While our echoing concords ring;
 Each a clear, celestial note,
 On the fine air set afloat,
 So to mingle and agree,
 In love's melting melody,
 All our souls together swing;
 Lightly, minstrel, play the string!

II. YOUTH.

Softly, minstrel, touch the string;
 Is not love a sacred thing?
 Do not angels love, and can
 Such sweet gifts descend to man?

Is not God the lover? Dare
 We his royal garb to wear?
 Bear his shining signet ring?
 Softly, minstrel, touch the string!
 Wherefore, minstrel, beat the string?
 Are we worthy such a thing?
 Is there grace within us found?
 Place for love and use for sound?
 Ah! we jangle, out of tune
 With the silver chords of June!
 And we break God's signet ring—
 Wherefore, minstrel, beat the string?

III. AGE.

Faintly brush the failing string!
 Earth-love proves a bitter thing:
 Shadow ill of every good;
 World's most yearning solitude;
 Sorrow's most relentless dart;
 Tomb of every passionate heart:
 All our souls at distance swing;
 Faintly brush the failing string.
 Sweep once more the breaking string
 Silence is a fearful thing!
 Wake, O minstrel life, attain
 To some loftier, holier strain!
 Strike! what! broken? soulless? still?
 Harp and heart no more to thrill?
 Silence softest peace can bring!
 Sleep forever, shattered string!

THE TEMPTATION.

BY DELL A. HIGGINS.

THE night comes on and the clouds are dark,
 The tide is higher creeping;
 Is there one will care if the morning find
 That I 'll not wake from sleeping?
 It were sweet to feel the gentle waves
 Over my calm face flowing;
 It were sweet to feel that the world's unrest
 No more would my soul be knowing.
 Far past me out on the stormy sea
 The white-wing'd ships are sailing;
 The light that shines on their drift of snow
 For the last, last time is paling.
 If my soul went out on that sea to-night,
 Would it be white, I wonder?
 Poor heart, poor heart, thou 'rt the saddest thing
 That lives the sunlight under.
 Why not give to thy weariness rest—
 Why not cease thy toiling?
 Thou canst not feel from that last long sleep
 A fearful wild recoiling.
 Thou dost not fear. It were sweet to rest,
 Though underneath the billow;
 Sweet to feel the world's unrest
 Could never reach thy pillow.
 The night comes on and the clouds are dark,
 The tide is higher creeping;
 There's not one will care if the morning find
 That I 'll not wake from sleeping.

MARY M—'S STORY.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

I WAS brought up in a flat and uninteresting country, and can not recall the time that I did not long for a sight of the hills and mountains that I read of in books and saw copied in pictures. Every glimpse of nature that my circumstances allowed made me hunger for larger and more unbounded views. So I was made quite happy by permission to visit my uncle Bolton, who had just bought a place among the hills of N. We traveled in stage-coaches. That we should now think very tedious modes of conveyance, but the long Summer day's ride brought no fatigue of body or spirit to the happy, hopeful child of fourteen. We passed through a beautiful country, and I felt with every hill we ascended as if we were getting nearer to the skies. The sun had just set behind the hills in the rear of the house, and luminous clouds floated over them when I arrived at the end of my journey. It was just the moment I should have chosen to be introduced to that home of plenty and of comfort, where many happy days were subsequently spent. I will not attempt to describe it now, for it is but a secondary feature in my story. My dear aunt and uncle, with kind smiles and words of welcome, waited at the door; but to me my cousin Bertha was the most attractive figure in the group. She had always been my pride and admiration. I suppose I loved her so well partly from the principle of contrast. She was tall, stately, and self-reliant—I small, timid, and vacillating. I was always glad to look up to her in every thing, although she was but two years my elder. It was pleasant to have her decide for me, even to the color of a ribbon. Her fearless, prompt character inspired me with unbounded respect. With these qualities cousin Bertha had nothing masculine or unrefined in her manners or mind. Her innocence made her bold. She was so truthful and upright that she had nothing to conceal. The purest water is ever the most transparent. The excellent country tea was ended, and we went up stairs together. Bertha showed me my room, which opened out of hers. Then she took me to a rustic balcony filled with choice flowers, to show me the fine view lying round their newly-purchased home. Bertha smiled at the delight I expressed, and my pleasure was reflected in her clear, hazel eyes—eyes such as I have never seen in any other human face. They would remind you of those "sweetest eyes ever seen" for which Camoens celebrates his Catarina. There

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was nothing grand in the landscape, but it had a look of prosperity, comfort, and quiet peace which was soothing and satisfying to the mind. It was a gently-undulating country, with a range of long, low hills to the west. Green fields divided by stone fences, with noble trees scattered through them, and neat and sheltered farm-houses, were every-where seen. But one part of the view particularly attracted my notice. Dropped down in a green hollow, through which wound a placid and wood-fringed stream, with noble woods clustering round it, stood a large and solid brick building, the stiffness and uniformity of which were relieved by projecting windows, balconies, and twisted chimneys, the like of which was seldom seen in those days. It was evidently not planned by a native architect. I afterward learned that both the plan and the ornaments of Ravenshow came from England. It stood alone, looking very grand, solemn, and mysterious in the evening shadows. Bertha saw my eyes fixed upon the place.

"Ay, I knew it," she said. "I knew you, too, would be drawn toward that wicked old place. There's a magnetic attraction about it. I shall never rest till I see the inside."

"Wicked old place, Bertha! Why is it wicked, and who lives there? It is beautiful with its dormers, and oriels, and picturesque irregularities."

"O, Mary, it belongs to old Mr. Ravenswick, and the place is called Ravenshow, and it is the horror of the neighborhood, lovely as it looks. Bad people meet there, and have formed a club, to which they have given a name too horrible to repeat. Their nights are spent in revelry, and their drunken songs and profane oaths are heard by all who pass that way after midnight."

"But you yet want to visit it?"

"Yes, always, and sometimes think I shall be sent there on some special mission," she said.

"You'd be afraid, would you not?" I asked.

"No, not if it were right to go—there'd be no danger."

I afterward learned that Mr. Ravenswick, the owner of Ravenshow, was a West Indian by birth and education. His father, a person of very different character, built it and had once lived there. He died while his son was traveling in Europe, and it was shut up and deserted for many years. The present owner returned to take possession six years before I first saw it, bringing with him companions who made the place perfectly odious to the neighborhood. One of his most prominent guests

was a man named Harrington; Bill Harrington he was generally called. This man was the degenerate son of pious parents, who had lived and died respected and beloved in the fine old family mansion, now ruined and decayed, in the adjacent village. There were those who, having known the worth of his parents, mourned over the profligate son, and, bad as he was, still in some degree tolerated him for their sakes.

Ravenshow was said to be a most luxurious and costly place. Its picture-gallery was talked of, and Bertha, who had a fine taste for drawing, longed to see it.

"But, my dear," she said to me, "till the 'open sesame' comes in the shape of a message of mercy or something of the kind, those treasures are as much hidden from me as the riches of the magical cavern that we used to read of."

One day Mr. Harrington came over to see my uncle. He had a model garden, which brought many people to the house, and we thought that must be Mr. Harrington's object of attraction. My uncle received him kindly. He had the charity which hopeth and believeth all things. He had never given up the son for the parents' sake. Bertha and I were in the parlor when Mr. Harrington walked in. We were surprised to see so fine-looking a man in the semi-fiend of whom we had heard so much. Yet neither of us liked his countenance. It was cold, caustic, cunning. Among other fruits of his garden my uncle showed him Bertha's strawberries. They were called Bertha's because none but she ever picked and hulled them. Mr. Harrington thought he had never seen any to equal them in size, and when a saucer of them with Daisy's rich cream was brought him he said their flavor equaled their beauty. His visit was prolonged till our one o'clock dinner, when he was invited to join us. No guest ever left the house unasked to the social meal. It was no trouble to have company at uncle Bolton's. Aunt was always amiable, and her table neat. No cracked plates were to be thrust aside nor soiled table-cloth to be changed on the arrival of an unexpected visitor. If the meal was simple it was abundant, and served in an orderly manner, and uncle used to say if it was good enough for himself it was also for his friends.

Mr. Harrington excelled in conversation. He had the art to appear natural, although full of *finesse*. He had read much, traveled extensively, and learned how to accommodate himself to every class of character. He had topics of interest for us all. He was at home with Shakespeare, Milton, and our dear Cowper, and

Bertha said he made her understand them better. To aunt he was courteous; to uncle, with whom he talked most, reverential and attentive. We all said, "What a very agreeable person he is! can he be as bad as he is commonly represented?"

My good uncle could not let him go without a word of counsel.

"I am sorry for the bad reputation Ravenshow and its visitors have gained, Mr. Harrington," he said. "It did not bear such a character in other times. My father thought well of the former owner—and your good parents, Mr. Harrington; I knew them well and esteemed them greatly. Allow me as their friend and yours to say how deeply I regret, if report says true, that you have strayed so far from their precepts and example."

This was said on the piazza, and we heard all in the parlor.

"It does say true, Mr. Bolton," he answered in an unembarrassed, though respectful manner; "I am very far from being what my parents in my childhood hoped and believed I should be."

"And why is it so, Mr. Harrington? Do you see nothing in a religious life to win your regards? Is Mr. Ravenswick a happier man than your excellent father was?"

"Mr. Bolton," he answered, "I see every thing to allure me to a religious life if I were not bound by my companions to the one I am now leading. The trouble with me is, that, though fully aware of the consequences of my course, I have no power to resist my evil inclinations. That power is lost. Perhaps I had it once, but not now."

"Ask aid of The Powerful. He can destroy your evil inclinations. Call upon your father's God."

"I can not do it. With the firmest conviction of the truth of the Bible, its precepts and warnings have no more power over me than the sayings of a fairy tale."

I merely give this specimen of a long conversation which filled my uncle with both pity and horror. The cool and deliberate manner with which, after breaking through all early restraints, he made up his mind to make "evil his only good" was terrible.

The next morning was perfect. How I enjoyed its early breath from my chamber window—the mist on the hills, the dew on grass and flower, the twittering birds, and the lowing cattle! The charm of that day is present with me now. We had scarcely breakfasted when old Peter, the gardener, came in grumbling and highly indignant. One of Mr. Ravenswick's servants had been over to see if he would sell him some

of his fine strawberries. His master was without an appetite, and his own crop had failed.

"Sell strawberries, indeed!" Peter muttered.

"Miss Bertha's strawberries! There are no such in the country. His has failed; good reason for it, Miss Bertha. The whole set is so lazy that every thing perishes in their hands, and old Mr. Ravenswick troubles himself about nothing. Give him his bottle and his noisy mates and he's content. 'T was awful to hear them roar and swear last night, ma'am—"

Bertha interrupted the old man by ordering some strawberries to be sent to Mr. Ravenswick, with her father's compliments, much to Peter's disgust. She had half a mind, she said, to get on Jenny and take them over herself.

Among the hangers-on at Ravensshow was a weak and cowardly fellow, who, from his rubicund and pimpled visage, bore the sobriquet of Red-Faced Joe. He was known to be a great coward, with an intense desire to appear brave and fearless. His vapid boastings were a source of amusement to Harrington, and Falstaff and Prince Hal were often acted between them. A third companion of Ravenswick's was a person named Blake, a man so sunken and hopelessly lost in sensual pleasures that soul and spirit seemed utterly extinguished in him.

The four boon companions sat around a table well furnished with choice wines and cigars the evening after Mr. Harrington's visit to my uncle. For the first time he told them of his call and of his one o'clock dinner with us, adding, "It ended with a word of exhortation to an ungracious and misled son."

"Which," said Ravenswick, interlarding his conversation with many oaths, "was received, I suppose, with all due gravity and decorum, and with a promise to remember the counsels of old."

"No; no promises were made, but I confess to a feeling of regret when the good old man set you before me in contrast with my father."

Old Ravenswick asked Harrington if he was inclined to turn saint, and Red-Faced Joe tried to be witty on the occasion, while Blake silently sneered and poured out more wine. Harrington turned suddenly upon them with startling energy, declaring that he would willingly give up all the pleasures he ever expected to enjoy for a tithe of the religious faith that governed my uncle's life, and fitted him for "an eternal state of being."

"An eternal state of being!" exclaimed Ravenswick; "you've learned a new vocabulary. Do you believe in a future world, then?"

"Certainly I do, and so do you all in your hearts."

Each one fiercely disclaimed such a belief. Red-Faced Joe swore he was n't such a fool.

"There have been wiser men than you, Joe, who have believed such things," said Harrington.

Joe laughed a silly laugh, and Blake swore at Harrington for raising ghostly subjects over their wine.

It had been a lowering day, and toward evening a heavy storm set in, which seemed to affect the spirits of all the company except Mr. Harrington. He was rarely depressed. They had been disappointed in the arrival of expected guests, and as the storm increased they feared the bad roads would delay the mail, which was always anxiously looked for. Somehow, in spite of the bottle and cards, the tone of the evening became increasingly gloomy. Ravenswick complained of pain, said the gout was getting into his stomach, and that he dared drink no more.

"If it goes a little higher, Ravenswick, it may do the business for you effectually," said Harrington with a wicked leer.

Ravenswick silenced him with an oath. He was evidently uneasy. It grew more and more comfortless. The window-shutters slapped, and the doors shook with the wind. The rain came down in torrents, and there was occasional thunder and lightning.

"If Hylton's on the coast to-night he'll have a stormy time," said Blake. "Have you heard that he's positively sailed?" he asked Ravenswick.

No, he had not heard so, but thought from his last letter that it was probable.

"How was he?" asked Harrington.

"No better, Tatum, his traveling companion, informed me, though he himself thought he was."

"He'll hardly see the United States again," said Red-Faced Joe.

His speech brought a growl from Ravenswick, and a declaration that the elements and the company were equally intolerable.

The gaming-table was brought in, but Ravenswick was obliged to retire, and all separated in a moody humor at a much earlier hour than usual.

On the ensuing morning, amid the storm that had not slackened its violence through the night, my uncle received a message through Mr. Harrington from Ravenswick, begging him to come to his house as soon as he possibly could. Mr. Harrington said that something strange had occurred, and that as Mr. Hoyt, the village clergyman, was absent Mr. Ravenswick wished to see him. He knew my uncle's

character, Mr. Harrington said, and thought he would not refuse an opportunity of doing good.

"Was Mr. Ravenswick ill?" my uncle inquired.

"Not exactly ill, but much disturbed," Mr. Harrington said, "by an extraordinary occurrence, which Mr. Ravenswick would relate to him."

So, without further explanation, my uncle prepared to drive over to Ravenshow with Mr. Harrington. The latter was unusually silent and reserved on the way, and apparently deep in thought. The roads were muddy and slippery, and his own uncertainty, combined with Mr. Harrington's taciturnity, made the drive far from pleasant.

Ravenshow presented a forlorn appearance. Traces of the previous night's revelry were every-where visible, and there were inmates who shrunk into their own rooms on my uncle's approach. He was shown up to Ravenswick, who had not yet left his bed. He apologized to my uncle for sending for him, adding, "But indeed, sir, I need the services of a Christian man. I have been very wicked. I have tried to be an infidel, though I have not succeeded. I learned better things in my childhood, and their influence was not quite lost. And now, sir, I certainly know that there is an eternal world. Last night I had proof of this, and I have yielded to evidence which can not be resisted. I want to be taught how I can henceforth live so as to be prepared to enter it without fear."

My uncle was sorely puzzled. He expressed his joy at his new convictions, and begged him to explain the cause of this sudden awakening to better views and feelings.

"It was a voice from the dead, sir, an actual, distinct voice, that spoke to me in the darkness," Ravenswick said.

He then went on to say that he retired to rest much earlier than usual on the previous night, and was awakened between three and four in the morning, he thought, though he could not tell exactly, as the shutters were closed, by the well-known voice of a friend.

"It was a friend, sir," he continued, "who went hand in hand with me in all sorts of wickedness, but who is taken to his account, while I still remain."

"What did your friend say?" asked my uncle, feeling really very oddly, as he afterward told us, from the sight of the pale, shivering, awed man before him with his strange story.

"The voice of my friend Hylton said, 'Ravenswick! Ravenswick! Ravenswick! there is a great and dreadful God!'"

He shuddered when he repeated the words, adding, "This morning the mail brought me an account of his death at sea."

My uncle was no believer in supernatural visitations of that kind, but could suggest no explanation to his own mind of the strange occurrence, which seemed to have made a profound impression upon the whole household. He tried to improve it to the benefit of the awed and trembling sinner, and had great satisfaction in reading to him the parable of the laborers, and showing him the infinite mercy of Him who receives all who come to him in penitence and faith. During the prayer Ravenswick's responses and his ejaculations proved the earnestness of his soul.

When my uncle left him with the promise to visit him again the ensuing day, he found Harrington and Blake standing together in the hall. The former said that a servant would drive my uncle home; that both he and Blake were getting ready to leave Ravenshow.

"I am absolutely awed," he said, "by what I have heard. I never doubted that there is an eternal world, and I can well credit my friend's story. I have read the petition of Dives in the Bible, and believe it, though Mr. Blake never did."

Mr. Blake made no answer, but went to the door to hurry the driver in words which my uncle had to reprove him for using.

I must make the rest of my story as brief as possible. The event we have narrated made an entire change in Mr. Ravenswick and in Ravenshow. He became and continued to the end of his life a godly man. His former associates were nevermore admitted to his house. The rooms that had beheld scenes of drunken revelry were used for religious worship. He pitied and helped the poor of the neighborhood, and tried to be useful to his neighbors in every possible way. My cousin Bertha was his principal almoner. She was the light of his declining years. During his last tedious illness she was at Ravenshow nearly as much as at her own home. She carried to the old man delicacies made by her own hands, and read to him precious and strengthening words from the Book of Life.

"You had the seer's vision," I one day said to my cousin, "when in those unpromising days you said that you had a mission to perform at Ravenshow."

The old man, one calm Autumn evening, fell asleep to wake no more, with his hand clasped lovingly in that of his youthful friend.

Several years after the death of Ravenswick my uncle was one day called down stairs to see

Mr. Harrington. They had not met since the stormy morning on which they had driven over to Ravenshow together. Mr. Harrington looked old and decrepit, and, though a much younger man than my uncle, might have passed for his father.

"I have been strolling around the old place, which looks very desolate, Mr. Bolton," he said. "Time was when those walls echoed with sounds of mirth."

"Unhallowed mirth, I fear, Mr. Harrington."

"You would consider it so, Mr. Bolton. But you had it all your own way at the last, I understand. Praying and psalm-singing superseded our 'unhallowed mirth,' they tell me."

"Yes; Mr. Ravenswick died a sincere penitent and a true Christian."

"I made him so, Mr. Bolton."

"You?" said my uncle, much surprised.

"Yes, sir, I. And now I will give you the explanation of that extraordinary story that was trumpeted far and wide. There was nothing supernatural in it. I have never told an individual before, but as you were somewhat concerned, and I shall not live long, I want to give you a true statement of the affair before I die. I believe in an eternal world—I believe in God, although I have not lived up to my convictions. I knew that Ravenswick and his companions were arrant cowards, with sad misgivings about the future, notwithstanding their loud boastings. The stormy night previous to the morning on which I was sent to bring you to Ravenshow I was alone in the hall when the servant brought the mails, which were generally received at an early hour, but which had been delayed by the storm. Among them was one from the partner of Mr. Hylton, who had been a companion and intimate friend of Ravenswick's for many years. The partner wrote from New York to Ravenswick that Mr. Hylton had died at sea a day or two before the arrival of the vessel. I guessed the contents of the letter from the seal, and from my previous knowledge of the state of Hylton's health. I knew that in a convivial hour Ravenswick and Hylton had each promised to announce to the survivor his fate in a future world. I determined to amuse myself by playing upon Ravenswick's fears, and for this purpose entered his room while he was in his first deep sleep."

"Then," said my uncle, "you assert that the voice which awakened him in such terror was yours?"

"It certainly was mine and no other's," he said.

"And what proof can you give me of this?" asked my uncle, hardly knowing what to think.

"I have no proof to give," he answered. "If you will not believe my assertion I can not help it. The issue was certainly different from what I anticipated. Yet really, Mr. Bolton, I always took pleasure in thinking that I had turned one sinner from the error of his ways. It has been a source of comfort to me ever since. Who knows but it may cover some of my many sins?"

My uncle was on the whole disposed to think that Mr. Harrington told the truth. Indeed, he had previously asked himself if it could possibly be that he was concerned in what was such a mystery to others. Yet the explanation always rested on Harrington's own word.

Flourishing crops grow over the site where Ravenshow stood, and but few remember the owner now. The house took fire from the barn after his death, and with the outbuildings was burnt to the ground and never rebuilt. My cousin Bertha died an elderly woman, and of this story of her youth and of my own only the memory is left. I have heard that Mr. Harrington died as he lived, clearly understanding his own spiritual state, yet without compunction or dread—an awful instance of light abused and conscientious emotions stifled.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

BY MARY A. GARY.

THERE 's a shade o'er Nature's brightness,
There 's a cloud upon her brow,
And the skies of beaming azure
By the storm are darkened now.
Vividly the lightning flashes,
Loud the thunder peals on high,
While the tempest clouds are rolling
Swift athwart the azure sky.
All is silence in the woodlands
Echo slumbers on the hill;
Broken only by one song-note,
For the lark is singing still;
Fearless of the angry tempest,
Or the clouds so wildly driven,
Still it carols forth its music
To the listening ear of Heaven.
Thus, dear Savior, would my spirit
Grateful anthems ever raise,
When the storm-clouds frown around me
As when brightness crowns my days.
Thus, however dark the shadows
That around her pathway rise,
Would she look with fearless vision
Through the dark and threatening skies
Up beyond life's deepening shadows,
And the clouds by tempest riven,
To the radiant, undimmed glory
Of "our Father's" home in heaven.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

BY JOHN P. LACROIX.

IN the character, life, and writings of Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow, mankind have a brother and Christianity a disciple of whom they can never be ashamed. Learned in an age of eminent scholars, though of general ignorance; virtuous when vice flourished in holy places; a meek, laborious bishop among bishops noted for arrogance and sloth, Leighton's name shines as a light in a dark era, and his memory is cherished in grateful traditions among the people he once served. And that he has not been too highly estimated is clear from the fact that the lapse of two hundred years has in no way dimmed the luster of his fame. Jermant says of him: "He derived theology not from human systems, but from the divine oracles. At times a Boanerges, he was usually a son of consolation. The coteremporary bishops of Scotland, compared with him, were dwarfs in mind and wolves in disposition. He was more refined than Howe, more eloquent than Baxter, and more practical than Charnock." Pearson says: "A fine mind, memory, fancy, taste, and judgment are conspicuous on every page of his works. His ideas may not unaptly be compared to flowers in a garden, so luxuriantly overhanging trellises as to obviate the primness and formality of straight lines, without, however, straying into a confusion that would perplex the observer's eye. His custom seems to have been to ruminate well his subject and then to pour forth his conceptions on paper without pause or effort, like the irresistible droppings of the loaded honeycomb. So well was the whole scheme of revelation amalgamated in the menstruum of his powerful intellect, that whatever he wrote came forth with an easy flow—clear, serene, and limpid. It greatly enhances his writings that he is fully aware how far the legitimate range of human inquiry extends, and attempts not to cross that line beyond which speculation is folly. Leighton is great by magnificence of thought, and by that pauseless gush of intellectual splendor in which the outward shell, the letter, is eclipsed, and almost annihilated in order that full scope may be given to the mighty effulgence of the informing spirit." Coleridge, than whom no better judge can be found, says of Leighton's comment on St. Peter: "Surely if ever work not in the sacred canon might suggest a belief of inspiration—of something more than human—it is this. Blessed be the hour that introduced me to the knowledge of the evangelical, apos-

tolical Archbishop Leighton. Next to the inspired Scriptures—yea, and as a vibration of that once-struck hour remaining on the air—stands this work." Coleridge felt both humiliated and flattered on comparing himself to this great divine. Said he, "Ah, were it not for my manifold infirmities whereby I am so all unlike the white-robed Leighton, I could almost conceit that my soul had been an emanation from his; so many and so remarkable are the coincidences, and so uniform the congruity of his mind to my own. As I read I seem to myself to be only thinking my own thoughts over again." A man who received such encomiums both in his own and in our time, must have been a substantial, genuine, God-given man. He was a scarce man—one that Heaven grants us only once in a while. This being the case, a brief symbol of the facts of his life will be interesting.

Robert, son of Dr. Alexander Leighton, was born in London in 1611. His father, a Scotch Presbyterian, for writing a sarcastic book against prelacy, was, in 1629, under Charles I, arrested, confined, and half-starved in a horrible cell for sixteen weeks, and when half-dead was taken out and punished. He was degraded as a minister, his nose slit, his ears cut off, and his face branded. He was whipped and exposed naked in the cold two hours in the pillory, and fined severely and again thrown in prison, where he lay till released by Cromwell. Robert was bred in Scotland, and in his eighteenth year became a student at Edinburgh. He took the degree of A. M. in 1631. He then traveled several years in France, and lived awhile at Douay. Returning to Scotland he was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1641, and took charge of the Church of Newboth. Here he labored for eleven years. "He diligently visited the poor of the flock, was ever to be found in the chambers of the afflicted and at the beds of the dying. He promoted personal, domestic, social, and public religion to the utmost of his power by precept, example, and prayer." England was at this time in terrible turmoil. The Presbytery were wont to ask each minister "if he had preached to the times"—that is, on the political troubles of the land. Leighton's mildness had not allowed him so to preach, and therefore he answered to the Presbytery, "If all the brethren have preached to the times, may not one poor brother be allowed to preach for eternity?" Burnet says of his preaching: "His style was rather too fine, but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression that I can not forget the sermon I heard him preach thirty years ago. He

had a low voice, and could not be heard by a great crowd. So modest was he that when he went to preach at a strange place he would never give notice beforehand." The Church of Scotland in her glory did not tolerate reading of sermons. Leighton opposed reading, for he says, "I know that weakness of memory is pleaded in excuse for this custom, but better minds would make better memories. Such an excuse is unworthy a man, and much more of a father, who may want vent indeed in addressing his children, but ought never to want matter. Like Elihu, he should be refreshed while speaking."

The lifetime of Leighton was an age of religious dissension in England and Scotland between Episcopalians, who, assisted by Government, strove to establish prelacy in Scotland, and Presbyterians, who regarded their system as alone right, and were determined to keep Scotland to themselves. Leighton, who was an independent thinker, had always regarded a moderate episcopacy as the most Scriptural Church government; but he did not deem the form essential, and so without any scruples he became a Presbyterian. This opinion of his will make it easy to explain his subsequent union with the Episcopalians. Under the commonwealth the religious turmoils were so great that the peace-loving Leighton resigned his connection with the Presbytery. In 1653 he was installed into the important office of Principal in the University of Edinburgh—a station in which his labors were very great. He delivered a theological lecture in Latin once a week to the students. He also often preached. In vacation he often visited France and London. He occasionally attended Cromwell's court. He held this important post eight years. Among other beautiful things in his valedictory address to the students, he said: "Let prayer not only be the key that opens the day, the lock that shuts the night; let it also be from morning to night our staff and stay in all our labors. Prayer consoles the languishing soul, drives away the devil, and is the great medium of all grace and peace. As to your reading, be careful to be familiarly acquainted with the sacred Scriptures above all other books whatever." In conclusion he said: "May our dear Redeemer Jesus impress upon your minds a lively representation of his own meek and immaculate heart, that in the last day he may by this mark know you to be his, and admit you into the mansions of eternal bliss! Amen!"

When Charles II was restored to the throne it was resolved to reestablish the Episcopal Church over England and Scotland. To effect this it

became needful to create many new Church officers. As Leighton was loved by the Scotch and revered for his piety, and as he rather favored episcopacy, he was named to Charles II as a suitable man to serve the royal cause by being made a Scotch bishop. He was therefore sent for to the king. With how great reluctance he consented to be made a bishop may be seen from this sentence in a letter to a friend: "This word I will add, that as there hath been nothing of my choice in the thing, so I undergo it, if it must be, as a mortification, and that greater than a cell and hair-cloth, and whether any will believe this or no, I am not careful." Leighton, with others, was consecrated at Westminster with great clerical splendor in December, 1661. He was made bishop of Dumblane, and soon set out for Scotland. His trials now began. The clergy under him were some of them ignorant, some immoral, with a few pious exceptions. He used all his powers but too often in vain to reform the manners both of clergy and people. After a vain endeavor to establish in Scotland a Church the people did not desire, at the end of three years he resolved to resign his office. He was, however, prevailed on by the king to continue his duties. In the excessive mildness of his temper he did not use all the power he might have exerted to repress disorders in his diocese; it was an amiable fault.

In the ranks of the Church there were few such men as Leighton. The Government made the most of him. About 1760 he was made Archbishop of Glasgow. Still he led a life of difficulty. No concessions to the Presbyterians would induce them to attend the State Church. It was perpetual strife. But never once do we find proof that in the least he lost the serenity of his spirit. Over so great a mind joined to so pure a heart the external troubles of life passed as lightly as the foam-flakes sweep over the bosom of the great deep. Leighton exercised his high office little more than three years. He was growing old, and longed for rest. In 1674 he retired from office, and visited the University. He found for the remaining ten years of his life peace and rest with some near relatives in Sussex. Here he meditated, preached, and bestowed on the needy such charities as he could. How touching those words from a letter to his sister's husband! "It was indeed a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your little Johnny was dead. Sweet thing, so quickly laid to sleep! Happy he! He hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling, and all the sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of upper years, this poor life being all along noth-

ing but a linked chain of sorrows and deaths. Tell my sister she is now so much more akin to the other world. John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, and we are undressing to follow." Leighton loved the Sabbath. In his feeble latter years when, on a stormy Sabbath, his friends urged him not to go to Church he replied, "Were the weather fair I would stay at home, but since it is otherwise I must go lest I be thought to countenance by my example the irreligious practice of allowing trifling hinderances to keep me back from public worship."

In 1684 an errand of mercy called him to London. He caught cold on the way, and was soon down with a pleurisy, which in a few hours ended his life. He died in peace June 25, 1684, in his seventy-fourth year. So passed away one of the great of earth. His temper was gentle and amiable, and his stature small and slender. That he might be the more charitable he was very abstemious. His converse was heavenly and spiritual, so much so that Burnet, his close friend, says of him: "I do not remember that I ever heard him say one idle word." How could the writings of so learned and so pure a man be other than most excellent? They are surpassingly rich in spiritual truth and beauty. It is to be regretted that the public indulges so much in the frothy superficialities of the passing day to the neglect of the pure ingots and rich gems that sparkle on every page of such writers as Archbishop Leighton.

JOHN HALIFAX—THE GENTLEMAN.

BY HARRIET M. BRAN.

FIT type of manhood! Raised above
The paltry honors weak men love—
Alive to labor's dignity,
To all the toiling man should be;
In boyhood's struggles, manhood's fame—
In want and competence the same;
Ne'er turning from the inward voice
To make success his highest choice,
But willing through his life to stand
A worker with the toiling band—
His fondest wish to elevate
The humble laborer's poor estate;
The foremost in each noble plan—
"John Halifax—the gentleman!"

There was no need for such as he
To boast a lofty pedigree;
Give to the purposeless and vain
The backward links upon life's chain,
And let each weakly pause to think
How honored each ancestral link,
While strong minds feel each life should be
A full and perfect unity;

And wise as was John Halifax,
Count up life's blessings, not its lacks,
And only from the present claim
The honors of a worthy name.

The world has need of wealth and arts,
But far more need of patient hearts;
The world has need of glorious plans,
But far more need of working hands.
The weak grow weary in the strife,
When roughly blow the winds of life,
And like yon leafless branches sway
Hither and thither day by day.
Philosophy can never teach
The wisdom toil and patience reach,
Nor wealth of words can ever guide
Like love and truth exemplified;
The higher good that precept lacks
Your life revealed, "John Halifax!"

"THE MERRY OLD DAYS."

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

In the merry old days
We did not think there would be any weeping
Sorrow, or sadness
In the beautiful years in the future sleeping;
We thought that for us they were only keeping
Love, and joy, and gladness;
For our youthful hearts had not tasted sorrow,
And we had not learned life's ills to borrow,
And we thought the sunshine would last "to-morrow"
In the merry old days.

In the merry old days
We did not think there would be any yearning,
Longing, desiring;
We had never known the great heart burning,
When the struggling soul is forever turning,
With hopeless aspiring,
From the sordid dross of the world's vain pleasures
To fame's higher, richer, more precious treasures—
We thought we had bliss in its fullest measures
In the merry old days.

In the merry old days
We did not think that our joys would be fleeting,
Youth is so buoyant,
And our hearts to its fairy music were beating,
While the joys we had prized were fast retreating—
Youth's hopes are so truant.
But from the dead joys new hopes were springing,
And brighter, dearer bliss they were bringing,
And blooming flowers o'er our path they were flinging
In the merry old days.

In the merry old days
We never knew what it was to be weary,
Tired, and desponding;
The pathway of life was too bright to be dreary,
The sunbeams and flowers of love made it cheery,
So sweetly surrounding.
And now when the heart is o'erpowered with feeling,
And the warm gushing tears its trials revealing,
The thoughts like sunbeams o'er our souls come stealing
Of the merry old days.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

SOME OF THE SACRED SPOTS OF ENGLAND.

WHEN I talked of visiting England a traveled friend, in booking me up for the trip, advised me to read Bede's Chronicles. I confess that I was thereupon in the condition that many Americans are nowadays, judging from their speech—"I did n't see it." How could chronicles composed eleven hundred years ago prepare one for the sight-seings of to-day? But he declared it was worth more than all Murray's hand-books and the thousand and one bulky and thin pictorials that waylay you with their vociferous but useless proffers. I followed his counsel, and advise all other tourists to go and do likewise. The excellence of that little book is, that it gives you the foundation of modern, of real England. You are led by it to her fountain of life—"aquæ lene caput sacræ." It tells you why these old cathedrals stand in their little, odd, out-of-the-way towns, and the beauty of it is that it does n't mean to tell you any such thing. Written when the cathedrals were simple, primitive churches about as magnificent as old John-Street, it is simply a story of the planting of Christianity in pagan England, what barbarous chiefs assailed it, who first submitted, who resisted, and how the capitals of the petty principalities became the sees of modern bishops, the real representatives of defunct kings and kingdoms as the Pope is of the dead Cæsars.

I could not follow Bede in his entire tour, for three or four weeks is not threescore of years, though it comes nearer to that than one would suppose, considering the state of the country now and then. But I followed him in spirit, and felt his influence from my first to my last look at Britain. England is exceedingly rich in these ancient memories. It may look poor in comparison with the regions beyond. But their reverence and culture of the past, the beautiful, shaded, and grassy tombs in which Nature, as it were, buries these sacred spots, the care to keep them near as possible as they originally were, all these reproduce her ancient religious life in a much more vivid and appropriate form than it is done in France, probably than any where else. For elsewhere the former things are not reproduced—are simply left in their native decay. Here they are kept up like a garden. This is too apparent sometimes, and what with fences, and verges, and artistic restoratives, you feel as though modern pietism was worse than nature's icono-

clasm. "Let the dead bury its dead," you incline to say. As, for instance, a little modern hut is put on Herbert's Island to represent his hermitage. It is as tasty as wealth and fastidious mediævalism can make it. But it is very discordant to the higher feelings. So Melrose is fenced in with high walls and gates, and you can not enjoy its moonlight or sunlight impressions without a woman tugging at your heels and putting her shilling between you and the throng of ancient memories. So St. Martin's Church at Fanterburg, the oldest in the kingdom, has a wooden porch at the entrance of the grounds that looks so ancient that you can easily believe King Ethelbert passed through it to his baptism and Queen Bertha to her grave. And yet it is not five years old. I prefer ruins in ruins, and old spots as Time and Nature, the best of artists, put them. This England is too rich to allow. She has another reason for this—eminently English and Yankee. There is an eye to the main chance in all this idolatry. Other things equally old and useless are decaying in England as fast as her cathedrals and ruined abbeys—aristocracy of blood, titles, huge landed proprietaries, the Establishment itself. The people are outgrowing these, and the leaders strenuously and ceaselessly glorify the old spots and services that they may preserve more important things on which they live. This inordinate reverence may make them renew the present titles, and honors, and possessions of the nobility of Church and State. Hence, they keep up service twice a day in these out-of-the-way cathedrals, which no body ever attends. Hence, the priests intone their prayers because the Catholics of the continent do and the fathers are supposed to have done, though the difference between them and the priests here, and probably the fathers, is exactly the difference between an international mimicry of old-fashioned altar-praying and the praying itself, where the brother is so carried away with his feelings that he falls into sing-song and the Jacob-ah Gruber-ah tone. The fathers probably had it in earnest. The Catholic priests imitate it to perfection, because tradition and usage impel them. But the English "pipe and whistle in the sound." There is no soul as with the first, nor any body as with the second. These cathedral services are as dry as a remainder biscuit after a voyage, and more useless. A good American prayer meeting is the modern and living form of the ancient worship. But a simple, lively, social, New England Methodist prayer meeting—for New Englanders are ahead of other Methodists in that grace—held in Canterbury Cathedral would break in an instant all

the old rotten strands that bind the Church and State together, and then what would become of our livings? So, like modern fellows, they use the mummies of their fathers to make the pot boil. They will all be burnt up soon, and then good-by to British aristocratic swell and strut "that makes ambition virtue." But you want observations external, not internal—the spots, not the dreams dreamed upon them.

ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND.

Let us take them in the order of our visitation. Herbert's Island is almost as solitary to-day as when he hid himself there more than a thousand years ago. High, solemn hills, the most so of any in England, yet gather close around the dark lake of Derwent. Then most of the people scattered through the adjacent country were heathen. The dried stones that still stand two or three miles distant on a hill that overlooks the island had hardly ceased to be the altars of human sacrifice. The crowded village of Keswick lies some two miles above, at the head of the lake, on a wide plain between the opening mountains. The village is full of activity, but down here one could easily imagine himself a recluse if not transform himself into one. Here it was that St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, came to visit his old and faithful friend, and, as Bede says, conversing together on the blessed experience of religion, "they made each other intoxicated with the heavenly life;" *sese alterutrum coelestis vite poculis debriuerunt*.

Cuthbert informs his friend that he must soon put off this tabernacle as his Lord had shown him, whereupon Herbert beseeches him that he would not desert him, but that he would pray that as they had served the Lord together in the earth so he would translate them at the same time to heaven. They implored this favor, and Cuthbert received an answer to his prayers that this request should be granted, and the following Spring, though they were on the extreme coasts of England, they left the body on the same day, and, as Bede beautifully says, together they emigrated to the Lord—*migraverunt ad Dominum*. This is probably a veritable event in the history of faithful Christian ministers; for both of these were faithful preachers of the Word. Herbert's hermitage was not the cell of a recluse merely, but a parsonage, whence he made long itineraries on a great circuit, preaching the Word and training the people. And Cuthbert was a most zealous minister of Jesus Christ.

Fix your eyes on the little spot, well described by Bede even for to-day—"insula stagni illius

pergrandis de quo Derwentionis fluvia primordia erumpunt"—the island of that great lake from which the first streams of the Derwent issue. Remember the love-feast, the season of prayer, the intoxicating sweetness of Divine love, the presence of the Master in the little meeting, and do not imagine that there was no salvation on the earth before you experienced it, and that none will be here after you have migrated to the Lord.

OLD MELROSE.

By a happy juxtaposition the next really sacred place which we visited was the spot where these old-fashioned Methodist preachers probably made their first acquaintance. It was at the academy whither they had come to get their education. The academy, theological school, and college were all one in those days as in our earlier days; but these lads, bright and religious, had been sent thither to be trained for the work of the ministry. This is partly my theory. The spot is the only one that I saw in England which had not been fenced in, or fixed up, or spoiled by its officious proprietor. I hope he will not see this letter, for it may tempt him to go and ruin it. It is about three miles from Melrose Abbey, and is called Old Melrose. The Abbey, of whose ruins you have heard so much, was built in the twelfth century by King David, of Scotland. The monks had by that time become rich and powerful, and the king built from policy more than piety. These great institutions made religion dependent on the State, and helped to keep the masses in subjection. This was the debatable ground on which Scotland and England fought for centuries. It was no small help to the Scottish cause to have these great religious establishments scattered through the region. So Melrose, Jedburgh, and Dryburgh, all within a circuit of ten miles, were splendid structures and amply endowed. Melrose is in the valley of the Tweed, with hills lifting themselves up in the rear horizon, and the uniform finish of a British landscape, inexpressibly quiet and rich, opening around. The ruins are under lock and key, and one has to be led round by the guide in a few moments, when he would love to sit and muse for hours. The central nave was once fitted up for the Presbyterian worship, and the beautiful pillars are marred by incasing walls of rough brick. Outside lies a country church-yard, which connects the present to the past by the universal tie of death and sorrow. The arches and pillars are yet spring-light and airy from the earth, joining no sign of heaviness with the many of decay. Like a light-hearted old man bowed with

years yet erect of spirit, these ruins are strangely gay and graceful amid all their desolation. You can not gaze upon them without losing much of the nonsense that has been poured into you about the darkness of the Middle Ages. No artists of stone in Paris or London to-day execute such works as these unknown architects of rude old Scotland nearly a thousand years ago. Westminster Palace or the new Louvre, the two greatest architectural products of this generation in these two greatest centers of wealth and taste, do not equal in general design nor surpass in minute finish this beautiful pile. They did not have railroads, newspapers, and other luxuries of to-day, but they did have a lively sense of the beautiful and power to embody it in enduring forms.

But wealth and power were too much for the Melrose brethren, as they have been for many others before and since their day. They became worldly and wicked, and God wiped them from the earth. So will be the Church of to-day, if it does not profit by their example.

We have digressed from our path, though we are on the road to the spot we started for. New Melrose is reached before Old Melrose in fact as well as in reason. A British morning, wet with showers, yet soft and delightful notwithstanding, saw us *en route* from New for Old Melrose. A walk of two miles over a high hill and along one of those high-walled parks full of beauty and seclusion, where the British aristocracy daily thank God that they are not as their neighbors are, brings us to a little gate. We enter, and strike the bank of a narrow stream, cross a rustic bridge, follow a charming path through the woods, and soon reach the banks of the Tweed. They are quite steep and densely wooded. The river rolls along with a breadth and volume that is quite respectable. It is but a stream as compared with America, yet in England it justly assumes all the dignity of a river. Following its banks through the woods for a mile we reach a spot where the river makes a sudden curve, sweeping back to the road which we had left.

On the extreme edge of this promontory stood the old monastery of Melrose. A narrow plateau is close to the river. The banks rise high from it. Near the summit of the bank were the buildings. On the opposite side of the stream the hills rose high and rocky. All around were woods, and no sound but that of the river rattling over the rocks. I have seen no seclusion so complete as this. A large house stood near us, but it was like all the houses of English gentry, as quiet as the landscape. Not a window open, hardly a curtain drawn, and

not a soul out of doors. So it only increased the solitude.

This spot had much to do with the Christianizing of Britain and of Europe. Cuthbert had wandered in these woods, studying, reflecting, singing, and praying, feeling, like all young Christians, a burning desire to bring the world to Christ. St. Boniface, the founder of the Church in Germany, was educated here, and hence he departed on that great missionary work by which he became the first Luther of that land. A great multitude, of whom no record is kept below, have filled these hills and woods with their prayers and praises. It is something to stand upon such a spot, and, though I subsequently roamed through Oxford, and drank in its delicious sights and more delicious memories, and walked through the Sorbonne, and remembered what mighty scholars had given its old walls and contracted little spot a great name for more than six hundred years, yet neither of them impressed me so powerfully as this solitary spot, without a stone to mark it, and with but few records in history. The taste of those old preachers in selecting this site for their seminary was far better than that of those who afterward removed it. Forests filled all the region in those days, and down to within a few centuries. Enough are left to vividly reproduce those times. We regretfully left the lonely loveliness, passed the house which, from its stillness, may be the one where the sleeping beauty is awaiting the lover whose kiss shall bring her and all around her to life, crossed the open lawns that are skirted by the steep and wooded banks, and, after a walk of two miles through drenching rains, reach the station near Jedburgh Abbey. Scott lies there, but the rain prevents our gratifying a desire to look upon his monument and the ruins in which it stands.

LINDISFARNE AND JARROW.

We take the car and hasten across many famous battle-fields, as Marmion, and more unknown to fame, where the English and Scotch wrestled for a thousand years; pass Berwick and the border, and soon see on our left the once most popular spot in England. It is Lindisfarne, or the Holy Island, as it is still called, where Cuthbert gathered a most flourishing seminary, where he labored with unceasing assiduity, and whence he departed to meet his brother Herbert on their way to heaven. It is a long, crooked, barren island, yellow with sand, a few miles from the shore. It looks as if it was almost entirely uninhabited, and as if it were impossible for it to have ever been an

ecclesiastical center—the seat of the Conference when he was elected bishop, and a famous spot in the history of the Church for many years. Its sanctity was doubtless largely connected with the pilgrimages made to it after St. Cuthbert's death.

A few score of miles brings us to New Castle. Six miles below this, on the road to Durham, is a little old gray stone church, with its usual square tower, standing in an open, flat country, in the midst of the low and dingy houses of miners and shippers. This is the parish church of Jarrow, and close beside it stood the once famous monastery, where Bede lived and wrote, and whence, in the language of his pupil and biographer, he migrated to the celestial kingdoms. No contrast could be greater than between this spot and Old Melrose. Ships, coaliers, trains, factories, all the life of a seaport and a driving factory village surrounded the old church. The landscape was without attraction. A few trees skirted the horizon and slightly relieved the tameness of nature and the bustle of life. In that church a chair and table of the venerable Bede are kept, but their authenticity is doubtful. Perhaps after all Jarrow is nearer like what those practical old fathers desired than Melrose. It is surrounded by souls struggling with sin, and one would most perfectly imitate them and secure their and their Master's approval who should spend his days in active service here rather than seclusion there.

A ride of ten miles brings us to Durham. In its cathedral are the professed graves of Bede and Cuthbert. The encroachment of the waves was the pretended cause, the popularity of and profitableness of their bodies as objects of veneration the real reason. Bede was stolen by a presbyter and brought hither, Cuthbert was transferred in state. No shrine in England was as popular as his except that of Thomas à Becket, four hundred years afterward. The spot where he lay is back of the choir, and there he was found but a few years ago arrayed in costly apparel and decked with gems. Bede's tomb is in the Galilee, a sort of lecture-room for vespers. A plain sarcophagus stands in the central aisle. On it is written in rhyming Latin,

"Hac sunt in fossa
Bede venerabilis ossa."

It so happens that the bones are not in that "ditch," as the rhymes compelled the writer to say, but they are probably in some other one, for no one knows where his dust is, it having been scattered, like much other famous dust in Europe, by the irreverent democratic tornadoes

that sweep away so many crowned heads of the living and tombs of the dead.

The stately cathedral is the fitting monument of such virtues, but the bustling Jarrow or silent and solitary Holy Island is a far more appropriate resting-place.

"KILLED AND WOUNDED."

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

"KILLED and wounded"—some fond eye
Doth a husband's name descry,
After searching with a tear
Through these long sad columns here,
After raising up a prayer
That his name may not be there;
Now, alas! what mute despair!

Fair in womanhood she stands,
Paper dropping from her hands,
Little children playing nigh,
All accustomed to the sigh,
Little thinking of the gloom
Deepening round their happy home—
Shadows darker than the tomb.

"Killed and wounded"—now another
Maiden searcheth for her brother;
Precious name! Alas! she reads,
While her heart with anguish bleeds;
He, the strong, the fair, the brave,
In the South has found a grave—
Died, his native land to save.

Pale and trembling, see her start,
As if something pierced her heart:
All the world grows dark with dread,
The brother of her soul is dead;
Could she just have seen him die,
Only once have lingered nigh
But to close his beamless eye!

"Killed and wounded"—now a face
Beaming with a heavenly grace
O'er these records bendeth low,
And her lips grow white as snow,
And her eyes are closed in prayer—
Ah, her son so young and fair,
His dear name is written there;

And she bows her stricken head,
Weeping for the early dead,
Thinking of her lovely child—
How he spoke and how he smiled;
He was all her earthly stay;
As she sadly turns away,
All is night without a day.

"Killed and wounded"—dreadful war!
What is all this suffering for?
Will it work out through this woe
Salvation from our nation's foe;
O, shall slavery drop its chain,
Freedom here assert her reign?
Then were sufferings not in vain.

WAS IT TRUTH OR SLANDER?

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

MRS. JOHN WALDEN was by nature and habit an *inquisitive* woman. She always had an eager, morbid, intrusive curiosity about her neighbors' affairs; and by neighbors I mean those with whom she was brought in social juxtaposition; and the less the circumstances, relations, and surroundings of others concerned her the more active and sedulous this principle of curiosity, which was so disproportionate a force in her character, became. And any tacit assumption on the part of others, by manner or silence, that their own affairs, or any thing connected with them, were matters that they had reason for wishing to maintain strictly to themselves, seemed only to stimulate this mercurial quality of her nature. She was greedy to penetrate and pry into other people's family histories, domestic and pecuniary, and was always seeking for some small groove through which her curiosity could find a channel to percolate into that which in no wise concerned her.

Of course, Mrs. John Walden had not the slightest idea of the extent to which this fault of hers did impel and control her. It is always so much easier to perceive the failings of others instead of our own, and Mrs. Walden was not in the worst sense of the word an habitual malicious gossip. She was, on the whole, a good-natured, kindly-hearted woman, but, of course, one who was constantly stimulated by motives like hers would be sure to obtain much knowledge of which she would not make a judicious use. And so Mrs. John Walden was really a dangerous person in any community—and what a malicious slander she would regard this honest expression of facts concerning herself!

She was almost certain to repeat to somebody in a half-thoughtless, half-gossiping way whatever facts she had discovered respecting somebody else, and in this way she was a great promoter of that small scandal and detraction which is always defiling more or less the social atmosphere of every neighborhood and community. And I think, reader, that our social canons are greatly at fault in this matter. We have no more business to invade the domestic concerns, the private life of others with our curiosity and comments than we have to invade their parlors and kitchens, and take upon ourselves the adjustment of the one and the management of the other. How many people of estimable traits of character, and many Chris-

tians, whose aims and purposes of life seem never to consider this matter! How ready they are to hear and circulate any thing unpleasant and depreciative of another! Alas! at the best, what a ruin human nature is! The pillars of its strength and its beauty may still stand here and there. The arches of its grace and glory may still occasionally rise over us to rivet our wonder and admiration, to bear witness of what was or might have been, and kindly impulse and generous and noble deed may heal over, like the soft plush of Summer mosses, many an unsightly rent, many a broken capital. But crumbling column, and fallen arch, and upturned foundation—the awful ruin stands still.

Mrs. Walden thought she was and meant to be a good woman. I believe she was, in many respects, a conscientious one, who would have made great sacrifices and endured much for the sake of truth and right. What strange contradictions the most of us combine! Now, in the course of time there came to live in the pleasant Gothic cottage directly opposite Mrs. Walden's more pretentious dwelling a clergyman, who had been recently settled over one of the Churches in the large town where she resided. He was still a young man, with a small family, which included his sweet-faced, soft-voiced wife and a golden-haired boy and girl, whose lives neither of them reached beyond their seventh year.

Mr. Dana was a scholar and a gentleman, an earnest, sincere Christian, whose life was wholly dedicated to that great service whose burdens and responsibilities lay ever heavy upon his heart and his life. But because he was a clergyman Mr. Dana did not resign his own domestic and social rights and independence. He believed that his home was distinctly and absolutely his own; that with its management, expenses, and general supervision no man or woman had any authority or privilege to interfere, and that here his rights should be respected and defended from all outside invasion and petty interference, as much as his lawyer's and grocer's should be, always granting the duty incumbent on a clergyman to set a right and Christian example in his practical life, so that there should be no hiatus between his profession and his practice which evil men should greedily take note of, and so injure that truth to whose companionship he had dedicated his life.

Of course the advent of the clergyman and his family at a point so favorable for observation as the opposite dwelling at once excited Mrs. Walden's prominent infirmity, and she kept her perceptive faculties in constant action.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana seldom had a guest that she was not advised of it, and she could have informed you, with quite as much accuracy as the mistress of the parsonage herself, just how many journeys the grocer's boy and the butcher were in the habit of making there every week.

She had made a brief, neighborly call at the parsonage soon after the clergyman and his wife were installed in their new home. Mrs. Walden was an agreeable and naturally-intelligent woman, and her position in life afforded her the opportunity of seeing much good society, or what the world calls good. She enjoyed her call. The clergyman and his wife were pleasant, socially-accomplished people, who had a habit of always finding out the best side of every body's character, and the new neighbors were mutually pleased with each other.

Mr. Dana was too much absorbed in his studies and general clerical duties, and his wife in her domestic and social ones to admit of much neighborly intimacy on their part, and Mrs. Walden had found herself frustrated in all her attempts to penetrate their private histories or family matters. But about six months after the clergyman's removal into the neighborhood Mrs. Dana sat sewing one Summer afternoon by her open parlor window. The soft wind, seasoned with the scent of pines from the distant sea-shore, stirred the lace curtains till they looked at a little distance like a soft swell of billows, and the shadows of the elms lay thick and cool on the wide, pleasant street. The attention of Mrs. Walden was suddenly attracted toward a carriage which drew up before the parsonage, and, of course, her attention was at once on the alert.

In a moment Mr. Dana answered the summons of the driver, opened the door, and came out on the steps, and on his arm was a young, slender, sweet-faced lady in a traveling dress, whom the gentleman escorted to the carriage with an air of much kindness and solicitude. Watching behind the shelter of her lace curtains, Mrs. Walden was shocked and scandalized to perceive that the gentleman bent down and kissed the lady warmly, and that she received the caress with a little, half-protesting laugh and pretty toss of her head, which must only have stimulated any man to repeat it. And then, after she was carefully seated in the carriage, Mrs. Walden saw the minister retain the lady's hand a few moments and look into her face with a fond smile, and his words floated distinctly across the street to her sharpened auditories.

"Now, my darling, take good care of yourself, and success to you! I only wish that you

were going to stay with me another day, as Mary is absent."

The lady leaned forward; her reply was in so low a tone that Mrs. Walden did not catch it, but she had no doubt from the manner that it was in every respect satisfactory to the clergyman. And then the driver closed the door, sprang to his seat, and the carriage rolled away, and the minister waved his hand and stood watching it regretfully.

Now it happened on the evening of that same day that Mrs. Walden received calls from some neighbors, and as the conversation diverged into various small personal channels, Mrs. Walden related, with that peculiar faculty which she had of bringing out the strong points of any occurrence, the little scene which she had observed that afternoon between the clergyman and the strange lady. Mrs. Walden's guests listened with much interest to the narration, for for some reason the speech, actions, and general deportment of ministers seem to have an immense attraction for some people, who seem never to comprehend that they are actuated by the same motives and impulsions as other men.

Mrs. Walden's guests furnished a singular contrast that evening, both physical and moral. One was a small, thin, dark woman, with sharp, restless black eyes, that went diving and searching into every corner, and then came back to your face in a suspicious sort of way, which would not be likely to put a nervous or susceptible person at ease. Her neighbor was the very antipodes of this—an ample, plethoric figure, with a light complexion and lymphatic temperament, and a frank, good-natured face, which was no false witness of the warm, kindly heart beneath it.

Both ladies drew a long breath as their hostess concluded her narration. She of the keen, restless eyes spoke first.

"There's something that looks dark about that, Mrs. Walden. What business has any man with a wife to call another woman 'darling,' and he a minister, too?"

"O, well," interposed the lymphatic lady in a half-deprecating voice, "I dare say, after all Mr. Dana did n't mean any thing, or likely that the lady was some intimate friend of his family."

"But his wife was away, and has been for three days," subjoined Mrs. Walden.

"You need n't tell *me*," added the dark little woman, shaking her head and snapping her eyes; "there's something wrong in a man that'll kiss a woman after that fashion. How would you or I feel about it, Mrs. Walden? I dare say his wife carries an aching heart all the

while, and that's one reason she keeps so quiet at home and looks so delicate. No wonder, though, when her husband is 'round kissing other women and calling them 'darlings'!"

"O, I should n't like to think all that of Mr. Dana," interposed the soft, expostulatory voice again. "I do n't believe he's in the habit of doing such things. Perhaps, now, he'd make it all right if he could explain."

"Perhaps he could," added Mrs. Walden, whose conscience began by this time to utter some slight protest against thus soiling the character of the clergyman. "It's best always to give one the benefit of a doubt anyhow."

The dark lady shook her head and pursed up her thin lips, and by pantomime and expression declared her utter skepticism in these apologies, and that *she* at least was disposed to give the minister's words and conduct the darkest possible interpretation.

Of course the evil did not stop here; nothing evil ever did with one of Mrs. Walden's guests. So in a little while the story was widely circulated, and listened to and commented on by that class of people who so greedily devour any detraction of those above them in intellectual and moral position; and after the pitiful gossip had circulated for two or three months and gained many accretions from the road on which it had traveled, it was at last brought to Mr. Dana's knowledge by a real friend, who thought it might be for the clergyman's interest to know the petty scandal which was seeking to soil his reputation.

It is usually difficult and undignified to trace such stories to their source. About this one, however, there could be no doubt, and Mr. Dana retailed it that evening at tea to his wife and a lady guest of theirs, who happened to be the very one whom he had parted with so tenderly two months before at his front gate.

The ladies were astounded, amused, indignant. The latter feeling soon got the mastery.

"Who could have started such a shameful story, Edward?" asked Mrs. Dana as she passed her husband his second cup of tea.

"Why, there can be no doubt about that. Our neighbor over the way started that ball for a certainty," and the gentleman snapped his fingers in the direction of Mrs. Walden's house.

"Mary, dear, I never suspected that I was responsible for your losing your roses, and growing thin, too, as we all insist you have of late," said the young lady with an air and tone, which she tried to maintain, very grave and despondent, but a merry laugh ran out of her eyes and lips at the conclusion and broke up

the whole—a laugh in which Mr. and Mrs. Dana joined heartily.

"Poor, abused little woman!" said her husband with an arch twinkle in his brown eyes. "It must be a comfort at least to know that you have the public sympathy in the midst of your husband's neglect and disloyalty."

"And to think how utterly it's been thrown away, for I never had the least suspicion that I needed it," laughed the young wife.

"But seriously, Mary, Ellen," continued the clergyman in a graver tone, "this woman deserves a severe lesson for first starting this ball. I think that I shall administer it myself."

"O, Edward, I would n't," expostulated his wife, who knew her husband had plenty of moral courage and a keen, quiet satire which pierced to one's marrow when he chose to exercise it, which, for charity's sake, he did not often, "I would n't give importance to such a miserable story by deigning to notice it. It can't harm you, and a lie will always run to the end of its rope."

"All true and excellent maxims, my dear wife, but there are exceptions to all rules, and sometimes, when a good opportunity is afforded, right and justice demand that an offender should be arraigned and punished. I want you and Ellen to accompany me over to Mrs. Walden's this evening."

Mrs. Dana still looked irresolute, but the young lady interposed—

"Come, Mary, let's leave it all to Edward. He'll manage it, and I must confess to a very humane desire to witness that woman's discomfiture."

An hour later Mrs. Walden's parlors were brightly lighted, for she had invited a small company of friends to her house that evening, as the clergyman and the ladies discovered after their entrance. They were, of course, received very cordially by Mrs. Walden, and pressed to remain during the evening.

"Thank you, Mrs. Walden, our errand to-night is a brief one, and perhaps you can give us five minutes to hear it, as we have, like yourself, another engagement this evening."

Mrs. Walden gracefully assented, but her eyes sought the face of the strange lady with all the surprise and scrutiny which the circumstances permitted.

And then, in a few strong words, Mr. Dana repeated to Mrs. Walden the story which had its origin from her own lips, and concluded before the disconcerted woman could falter out explanation or apology, as he laid his hand on the arm of the young lady who stood by his wife, "And now, as the mistake first originated

in your ignorance of the facts of the case, Mrs. Walden, will you be kind enough to set the matter right by informing your friends that Miss Ellen Gresham will always be to me and to my wife our *darling sister*?"

So it came out at last that the young lady was Mrs. Dana's own sister, that she had stopped at the parsonage for a day on her return from the city to visit her brother and sister, and found the latter absent. Mrs. Walden's chagrin and mortification can not easily be depicted. She tried to regain her lost self-possession and treat the whole matter as a joke, or as some thoughtless speech on her part; but she felt that it had wrought too much mischief to be regarded in this light by those whom it had assailed, and, though they took courteous and kindly leave of her, she knew she had fallen forever in the opinion of the clergyman, his wife, and their sister.

On the whole, it was a severe lesson, but she deserved it, and the minister and his family were from that time saved from any further investigations and animadversions on the part of Mrs. John Walden.

Was it truth or slander? Ah, reader, how many heart-aches and heart-burnings, how much pain and bitterness would be saved the world if we all rejoiced in hearing good instead of evil of all whom we know!

Alas! for that back closet up many pairs of winding stairs in the human soul where evil tales, suspicions, and petty slanders are laid away, out of which they are brought to light! And in how few human souls sits enthroned above all others, tender and triumphant, that grace, of whom it was written, "The greatest of these is charity!"

AFFECTION—THE FOOD OF THE SOUL.

BY REV. A. A. BISHOP.

THOUGH hope beyond the sunset's glow
May beck to sinless pleasures,
And love of beauty give my soul
The key to Nature's treasures,
Yet will my sinking heart beat slow,
And skies grow dark above me,
And life have more of ebb than flow
Without a friend to love me.

I wander through the flowery vale
Where perfumed dew-drops glisten;
Its pleasures steal away my grief
And bid my senses listen;
They whisper me of beauty's wealth,
Even speak of joys above me,
And tell of God who tinged their hues,
But yet they can not love me.

I look upon the midnight sky
When thousand eyes are beaming;
They look on me, then up to heaven—
Half-way lights homeward gleaming;
Could I but gain that sphere I'd view
Heaven's turrets far above me;
I wonder at their mystic light,
But O, they can not love me!

Affection can not blossom here,
Where social joys are fleeting;
It blooms in fullness only where
Hearts have an endless meeting.
The bud is dwarfed by chilly airs
Damp with deceit and sorrow,
Till sheltered from the dew of tears
It blooms in bright to-morrow.

MORNING.

BY LYDIA M. RENO.

ON the shelving banks of Time,
Hearing distant music chime,
Stood a maiden in her prime.

All night long we heard the roar,
Sullen waters breaking o'er
Fast against the crumbling shore.

She was strong and we were weak,
And cold terror blanched our cheek,
With a fear we could not speak.

Saw we not what she descried—
Domes and temples vast and wide
Rising on the other side.

We but saw the fearful wave,
Only heard its angry rave—
Every billow seemed a grave.

Heeding not our tears or prayer,
Storm or darkness, calm and fair,
Loved and lovely stood she there.

Morn, with pale feet, clear and bright,
Brow all flushed with golden light,
Westward chased the flying night.

But upon the banks of Time
Stood no maiden in her prime
Hearing distant music chime.

River dark and river wide
By the light her eyes descried,
Crossed she o'er thy surging tide?

Hills eternal, angel homes,
God-built temples, shining domes,
Ye are reached through deepening glooms.

Bravely did she bear the roar
Of the billows dashing o'er
All night long the crumbling shore.

Bravely, maiden fair and bright,
Thou hast struggled to the light
Through the darkness and the night.

Flowers of heaven thy white hands twine;
Clothed with blessedness divine,
Morn, eternal morn is thine.

CHRISTIANITY AND WOMAN.

BY PROF. ZENAS HURD, A. M.

ONE of the distinctive characteristics of our civilization—a characteristic that indicates its divine superiority—is the elevated position it gives to woman. In pagan countries woman is every-where a slave; in the various forms of Oriental civilization she has ever been a mere toy of the harem; in refined and enlightened Greece and Rome, though in a far better condition, she was, after all, little else than an instrument of toil or pleasure, condemned to seclusion and ceaseless drudgery. But it is the glory of Christian civilization that it has freed her from the degradation of centuries—made her the companion, the partner, the equal, and opened before her the fields of science and universal activity.

What has given to woman her present high position? What element of our civilization has lifted her from the degradation of centuries? Why is woman in Christendom superior to woman among the Hottentots? We propose, in the following pages, to answer these questions.

A refined and enlightened gallantry—respectful deference to woman—homage and devotion to the fair—can be traced as a distinct element of society as far back as the tenth, and perhaps the ninth century. It first appeared in the South of France, where refinement of manners had gone forward most rapidly, and was thence extended over Europe by the mingling together of the nations in the Crusades. Gallantry, in its highest and best sense, was an important element of chivalry. The chivalrous knight rushed to the tournament, crossed oceans, traversed distant continents, ascended mountain-tops, and bled in battle, that he might win trophies for his "ladye-love," lay down spoils at her feet, and receive in return tokens of her favor. This feeling in the tenth and eleventh centuries was universal in Europe, deeply pervading all the influential classes. We do not claim that this sentiment was altogether rational—that it was not in some of its features even ridiculous; but he who sees merely its ridiculous features, sees but a small and pitiable part. It had a deep and far-reaching significance. The emancipation and elevation of woman had now commenced. It was the coming in of a movement, the result and growth of ages!

Let us bear in mind, then, that in the tenth and eleventh centuries much that was real and permanent had been accomplished in behalf of woman. The chief advantage now gained was not that she was the object of the wild and

Quixotic devotion of knights-errant: this was merely an index of something deeper and more permanent—a bubble on the current rolling out from the past ages. She had now become the cherished wife, the honored mother, the companion and partner of her feudal lord, the inheritor of his property, the directress of his household, the repository of inviolable sanctity, and the source of a mysterious and all-pervading influence. In short, the advantages now gained were the germ of all the more glorious that have followed. Let us go back to these times and inquire what had wrought out thus far woman's emancipation and elevation. This has been attributed to the *love songs and romances of Arabia, brought in contact with European society by the Saracens of Spain*. But can we suppose that such a revolution—one comprehending the overthrow of a condition which had defied the effort and progress of fifty centuries—was at last effected by love songs and romances? And if these had emancipated woman in Christendom, why had they not done the same for woman in Arabia, where they originated, were universally diffused, and were exerting, from the nature of the case, their most powerful influence? Why was Arab woman in chains and the dust, while Christian woman was emancipated and free?

It is now generally admitted that Arab learning never exerted any very great influence upon European society. It is true that the Saracen schools of Seville and Cordova were, for a time, frequented by Christian youth from different parts of Europe, and that Arab poets, of a certain sort, abounded every-where from Granada to Bagdad; but it is equally true that their poetry never really crossed the Pyrenees; much less did it revolutionize European society. This was, from the nature of the case, impossible. Christianity could not endure a contact with the impure learning of the Saracens. The Crescent and the Cross were ever in bloody conflict. Battle-fires flamed on every mountain-top from the heights of the Asturias to the plains of Hungary. In the struggle of life and death,

"Red gleamed the Cross, and waved the Crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled the Moorish matron's wail."

The theory that the rhythm and rhyme of European poetry were derived from the Saracens of Spain, and that from the same source sprang the Provençal poetry and that of the troubadours is now fully exploded. The idea, therefore, that Arab poetry, diffused through Europe, emancipated woman, is a pure chimera, contradicted alike by fact and the nature of the case.

The high position of woman, in the Middle Ages, has likewise been attributed to the *Tou-*

tonic manners—the native characteristics of our Gothic ancestors. This theory, however, is overthrown by fact. There was nothing like *galantry*—homage to the fair—deference to woman—nothing out of which it could spring in any of the primitive Teutonic nations. We see no trace of it till these barbarous tribes have been softened and humanized by Christianity for more than six hundred years. It is wholly at variance with the habits of the Carlovingian Franks, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Gothic nations generally. There is, as far as we have been able to discover, no shadow of it in their literature for the first ten centuries. Nothing like it appears in the poem of Beowulf, the Niebelungen Lied, or any of the Teutonic fragments. Our space does not permit us to explore the field here opened; we merely call attention to the above statement as an acknowledged fact of history, and as furnishing an ample refutation of the theory under consideration. The oft-repeated sentence of Tacitus, "*Germani Auriniam et complures alias venerati sunt*," is not applicable to the question under discussion, and could be asserted with equal truth of almost any savage nation.

Again: the high position of woman in the tenth and eleventh centuries has been attributed to *feudalism*. The feudal baron, it is said, cut off from society by his superiority to the serfs, and by the hostility of the world around him, retired within his castle to the company of his wife and daughters. Thus by degrees woman became his companion, his partner, his equal. We believe, however, that a close inspection will show that feudalism, as connected with woman's elevation, is to be regarded rather as an occasion than as a cause—a condition under which her emancipation was wrought out, rather than its originating and fundamental cause. What are the things connected with feudalism that lifted up woman from her degradation? Not the feudal castle, not the serfs around it, not the hostility of surrounding barons, not the elevation of the baron himself, in short, nothing that really and essentially inhered in feudalism. That the feudal baron was the husband of one wife; that he spent his time in her society; that she was made his companion and partner; that he was not allowed to divorce her, nor permitted to make his palace a harem—these were the real causes of the high position she then occupied. Had the feudal lord been a Mohammedan or an idolater, woman would have been in the feudal castle what she was then south of the Pyrenees, and the Mediterranean, and in all the rest of the world—a slave, or a mere appendage of luxury.

In opposition, then, to the claims of feudalism, of the Teutonic manners, and of the Arab love songs, we shall show that the high position of woman in the tenth and eleventh centuries was the result of the working of Christianity.

Nothing analogous to woman's position among us can be found in any of the forms of ancient Oriental civilization. Would we learn woman's condition when Confucius was moralizing in Shang-tong, when Zoroaster was teaching religion in Media, when the Pharaohs were reigning on the banks of the Nile, behold her in these regions now. The march of forty centuries has wrought no valuable change in her condition. In the East she has ever been a slave, a mere appendage of her tyrant-lord in his lifetime, often burning upon his funeral pile at his death. And what among the Orientals can ever better her condition? Nothing short of a vast religious revolution—one which shall overturn the foundations of society, hurl down their politico-religious fabrics, drive their polluted divinities from the heavens, and invest both sexes with an equal religious destiny.

In refined and enlightened Greece we find woman in a more favorable condition. Its history furnishes examples of womanly heroism, conjugal love, and sisterly affection. But when we compare her with woman among us, we find her condition in almost every respect vastly inferior. She was never, in Athens or Sparta, the equal and companion of her husband, the ornament and refiner of society. She was almost wholly cut off from association with the other sex, was allowed to appear in public only upon extraordinary occasions, and dwelt in apartments by herself. The women of Homer are simple, sometimes heroic, and *sometimes* virtuous. The adventures, however, of a crowd of heroines, like Tyro, Æthra, Helen, Clytemnestra, and Phædra, abundantly show that, among the Greeks, female virtue was of no great account. The want of virtuous and accomplished females—the high and honored place of wife and mother—was supplied by the often talented but infamous Hetærae. To this class belonged Aspasia, Lois, and Phryne. Their society was sought by poets, orators, and philosophers—by Socrates, Pericles, and Plato. The wife, the sister, the mother, honored, respected, and influential as in Christendom, were unknown to Greece, the land of Homer, and Sappho, and of Socrates—the land of Delphi and Academus—the land of poetry, philosophy, and arms. The brief career of Greek civilization was glorious, but the Christian element was wanting and woman was degraded!

In ancient Rome woman, though more virtu-

ous, was condemned to a severer servitude. The early Roman law made her the child and property of her husband, and placed her life in his hands. Says Gibbon, "The primitive Romans married without love, and loved without delicacy or respect." Metellus Numidicus, the Roman censor, acknowledged to the Roman people, in a public oration, that "had Nature allowed us to exist without the aid of woman, we should be delivered from a troublesome companion, and he could recommend marriage only as a sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty." Such is the happiest condition of woman under the highest forms of pagan civilization. After the Punic wars, with the influx of luxury and the corruption of manners, the Roman matrons obtained a greater degree of freedom. But, alas! it was a freedom a hundred-fold more dreadful than their severest servitude—a freedom born of the ruin of virtue, religion, and the social ties. It was divorce and license baptized with the specious name of liberty. It was a freedom presaging the ruin of the Republic, the field of Pharsalia, the tyranny of the Empire, and for woman a darker and more dreadful slavery! With the decay of the Empire the corruption of manners increased, the marriage contract was annulled at pleasure, and woman's shame and degradation were completed. Such was her condition till Christianity came to her rescue, and by the sanctions of religion, the decrees of councils, and the edicts of the Christian emperors, restored the dignity of marriage, and abolished polygamy and divorce.

We do not claim that in Rome, either in Italy or the Provinces, Christianity wrought for woman any very remarkable elevation. It came too late to accomplish this. The far-reaching Empire, diseased at heart, was passing rapidly to dissolution, and was soon to be broken into a thousand fragments. All that Christianity could hope to do was to put off awhile the dread catastrophe, alleviate her death struggle, and gather up and hand down to future times the products of her intellect. The impossibility of ingrafting upon a mature or decaying civilization the essential characteristics of another, is established by the failure of numerous experiments. Essential national characteristics are always indigenous; they spring out of the principles and elements that gave birth to the civilization. They grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. When Christianity appeared before the walls of Rome, her civilization was eight hundred years old, and was passing rapidly to dissolution. A low position for woman had ever been one of its essential characteristics. It must die as it had lived, and maintain, even in the death-struggle,

its essential characteristics; while Christianity, from its seat in the seven-hilled city, is looking out over the forests of the North to the rude, strong, uncontaminated savages of the Danube, the Baltic, and the Rhine, as the field and the instruments of its essential triumphs. In these primitive seats it was to plant itself and create a civilization *sui generis*—a civilization divine, and, therefore, destined to be world-wide and world-enduring—a civilization that should go on perfecting and developing, till

"No sigh, no murmur, the wide world should hear,
From every face be wiped off every tear."

In the fourth and fifth centuries the Teutonic nations are Christianized, and the work commences. The causes, though unseen, are operating, and at last, after the lapse of five centuries, woman is seen to hold, in the new social system, a position of honor and influence unknown to Rome, to Athens, to Arabia, or the East.

But how did Christianity work out this great result?

First. *It gave to woman immortality, and invested her with a religious destiny equal to that of the other sex.* Nations are, essentially, what their religions make them. The civilization is born of the religion, and takes from it its peculiar type. The degradation of woman, in the countries above named, was made certain by her low position religiously. In some she was denied immortality and accountability. The hundred widows that, in the East, perished on the funeral pyre of a single husband, accompanied him to the other world as mere instruments of pleasure, and, in his voluptuous paradise, were to stand at a far greater distance below him than in this life even. Why, then, should not woman be his slave upon earth? It was a false yet all-pervading religion that created her destiny of woe!

Mohammed allowed that woman was immortal, but in his sensual paradise he gave her a position far lower than in this life. She was separated from her former husband by the intervention of seventy-two dark-eyed damsels, created of pure musk, for the especial delight of every believer. Mohammed obtained a view of hell, and saw it peopled almost wholly with women. What must be woman's social condition under such a religious system?

The Elysium of the Greeks and Romans was peopled almost wholly with heroes:

"But they of whose abode,
Midst her green valleys, earth retained no trace,
Save a flower, springing from their burial-sod,
A void and silent place
In some sweet home! thou hadst no wreaths for these,

Thou sunny land, with all thy deathless trees!
For not with thee might aught save glory dwell."

The diffusion of Christianity over Europe, in the conversion of our Teutonic ancestors, wrought a universal change in woman's religious position. During all the initial period of our civilization—a period during which it was taking form and embodiment—woman was regarded as immortal, personally accountable, and as sharing, equally with the other sex, every thing glorious in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ. Under a civilization formed thus upon Christianity as its basis, how could woman be either degraded or enslaved?

Second. *Christianity effected the permanent abolition of polygamy, and, during all the initial period of our civilization, made monogamy the universal principle and practice.* The universality of polygamy among the Orientals is well understood. It was permitted among the Greeks, and defended by Plato and Euripides. It was allowed by the Romans, introduced by Mark Antony, and became frequent under the emperors. It was finally abolished upon the introduction of Christianity by the Christian Emperor Theodosius, the Great, and his sons Honorius and Arcadius, and was universally prohibited during the six hundred years of the growth of our civilization. Polygamy has its foundation and life in the degradation of woman and the extinction of her rights. *Let him be the husband of one wife* was proclaimed from pulpit and temple—from heaven above and hell beneath, during all the initiatory period of European civilization. The Bible law upon this subject is a formal recognition of the rights and essential equality of woman; and its enforcement, during all the period while the plastic elements of European institutions were taking form, contributed largely to give her the position in the social scale she occupied in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

Third. *The universal diffusion and recognition of the Christian law of divorce during all this formative period, we allege as another cause of woman's elevation.* With reference to divorce, Christendom stands opposed to all the rest of the world. "A prudent husband instantly forsakes a wife who speaks unkindly," is a maxim of the Hindoo code. The Chinese law of divorce is similar. In ancient Greece divorce could be easily obtained. It became almost universal in Rome under Augustus Cæsar and during the decay of the Empire. But as the European nations arose from its ruins under the influence of Christianity, they held universally the sacredness of the marriage compact. *What God*

hath joined together let not man put asunder. Let him not put away his wife except for the cause of fornication, was the immutable law which bound the bridegroom as he stood before the altar. His future life-companion he must honor and respect.

There is nothing in which we are more liable to err than in failing to look far enough into the past for the origin of the valuable features of our institutions. As we said at the outset, our civilization is essentially Christian, and it is folly to attribute its divine characteristics—its emancipating and elevating revolutions, to chance or foreign forces. Would we learn the origin of its peculiar and essential characteristics, let us go back to its beginnings and inquire under what influences it came into being—what parentage nursed its infancy.

We close with a single inquiry. Is the improvement of woman's condition to continue, or is she after a few years, or a few hundred years, to be reduced to her primal degradation? We have confidence in the progress of our race; but it rests solely upon an underlying confidence in the permanence and progress of Christianity. The feature of our civilization under consideration is the offspring of our religion, and it can be maintained and developed only by protection and support from its parent-source. If given over into the hands of irreligion and infidelity it must perish. Woman's safety lies not in herself, nor yet in the virtue, temperance, or integrity of the other sex. She is safe only when fenced around by the eternal bulwarks of religion—a religion having its foundations of the national heart, and deriving its sanctions and motives from God and eternity.

Whatever, therefore, shall tend to lower woman in the religious scale, throw doubt over her immortality, induce the belief that female virtue is merely conventional, or tend to the disruption of the marriage tie and the license of passion—in short, whatever shall weaken the hold of Christianity upon us as a people, must inevitably pave the way for woman's degradation.

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

LET thy face ever wear a smile; let thine eyes sparkle with gladness; live near thy Master; live in the suburbs of the celestial city, as by and by when thy time shall come thou shalt borrow better wings than angels ever wore, and outsoar the cherubim, and rise up where thy Jesus sits—sit at his right hand, even as he has overcome and has sat down upon his Father's right hand.

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Scripture Bazaar.

RESURRECTION OF OUR VILE BODY.—"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body." Phil. iii, 21.

The doctrine of the resurrection rests on Divine revelation and not on reason. Ancient literary heathens have held generally the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, but have had no idea of the resurrection of the human body. Instead of "vile body," the Greek term should be rendered "body of humiliation," or humble body. Briefly we notice,

I. THE CONDITION OF OUR BODIES HERE.

Our bodies are humble in various respects.

1. From the demands and necessities of our bodies. No being is weaker than infant mankind, and probably no being remains so long in such a weak condition. About one-third of our time is spent in slumber, and yet more than this in providing for the demands of the body, etc. Even the sacred one-seventh of time is infringed by the ungodly.

2. From the servitude of the body to the fallen soul. The soul holds dominion over the body—the latter is servant to the former. It is true that matter *per se* can not sin; but in connection with mind it becomes the servant of sin. The animal temperament of the body spreads, in a sense, over the soul; and the moral temperament of the soul rules that of the body. Yet both soul and body make but *one person*—one agent.

3. It is a humble body because mortal. Through Adam's transgression his posterity were doomed to return to dust—"dust thou art," etc.

4. It is a humble body because of its repeated hindrances to our spiritual devotions. Its fluids, muscles, and nerves oft become impaired and weigh heavily on the devout aspirations of the soul, etc. The saint seeks in Church while he desires to keep awake, and is oft dull or heavy even in his private devotions. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

5. It is a humble body in respect to its harmonious mobility to the soul. We think with great velocity; we think around the world while the body is taking a single step. There is consequently a disproportionateness between the soul and body with respect to mobility. Many have exclaimed with the Psalmist, "O that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away, and be at rest." Likely in the resurrection we will not have wings, but the power to glide in sweet harmony with the soul in all its grand peregrinations. In connection with the above we notice,

II. THAT OUR HUMBLE BODIES SHALL BE REFASHIONED SIMILARLY TO OUR LORD'S GLORIFIED BODY.

"Who shall change our vile body"—namely, Christ. He is to do this great work—change it from its hum-

ble condition of corruptibility to incorruptibility, etc. Revelation affirms it; it shall become a matter of fact in due time, which appears obvious from sundry considerations.

1. The first consideration is found in the nature of the atonement. Actual redemption to the faithful in respect to the soul is felt, as it here enjoys the peace of God and joy in the Holy Ghost. To the body redemption is but as yet virtual, as it is not yet in possession of even a foretaste of its future incorruptibility and glory. It has the divine promise of this, and here it rests in hopeful endurance for that which is promised.

2. Because Christ has risen we shall rise. He, our Daysman, has ascended up on high, so shall we. He has become the first-fruit of our resurrection. Among the Hebrews the first fruit was the same as the general harvest. We shall be like him. His resurrection gives us assurance of ours.

3. Christ's raised body shall be the model of ours. After his resurrection some of the disciples had their eyes holden, that they did not know him. So far as our Lord's real glorified body was concerned, was he not "holden" to the vision of all below, at least partially? We have three glimpses of his glorified body: at his transfiguration, to Paul on his way to Damascus, and to John in Patmos. O the glory of his body—it shone brighter than the sun! See John's description of it.

The rationalist may say, by way of objection, "A doctrine which rests not on rational grounds is unworthy of credence." This, to weak persons, might seem plausible. It is true, revelation is addressed to rational beings, who have lived, do, and probably shall live for generations to come; it will shine among and through all grades of mental improvement. Was Jehovah bound to mete out thoughts of salvation, of endless felicity or misery to a certain point of average mental power, for this or that generation only? Or did he intend, in depth and glory, his revelation for all, and above degrees of intelligences here? Reason can not investigate the essence of any thing, far less the entire will of God. And equally far is revelation from being dependent on the weak and sin-blinded condition of human reason; notwithstanding our rational powers are precious blessings of Jehovah. We infer,

(1.) As in the resurrection our bodies shall be like Christ's, we shall be no more weak or feeble, needy or mortal. (2.) Our changed bodies will move in sweet and endless harmony with our purified and immortal souls.

A. C.

MOSES'S BURIAL AND HIS UNKNOWN GRAVE.—"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day." Deut. xxxiv, 6.

Reading the above passage a few days since, we were reminded of Dr. Lathrop's beautiful remarks upon the burial and unknown grave of Moses. They are especially appropriate now when so many families in the land are mourning that the place of burial of loved ones is unknown:

"No man knoweth of his sepulcher!" When the warrior dies, his comrades, with muffled drums and reversed arms, show banners taken, tell of battles won, and rehearse his noble deeds. Amid the first and most honored of the land—sages, poets, and statesmen—they lay him to rest, where costly monuments of bronze and marble speak to a world of departed greatness. But Moses, the man of God, the bravest warrior, the most truthful sage, the inspired poet, and the greatest philosopher that earth ever knew, sleeps in a nameless spot—

'By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's waves.'

"Moses, whose life from his very birth was one of hardship, struggle, and toil; who religiously refused to become the heir of royalty; who meekly declined the honor which God designed should be bestowed on the savior of Abraham's children; who, under God, safely delivered them from their cruel bondage and the tyrant's power; who patiently listened to the complaints and bore the reproaches of the children of Israel; but who finally, provoked to anger at the rock at Meribah, incurred the displeasure of the Lord, and forfeited his entrance into the promised land, whose fertile fields and pleasant rest had been the goal of his hopes for more than forty years—this friend of God was permitted only to view the land, and then called to rest in his unknown grave.

"Christian friend and mourner, do you grieve that your husband, your child, or your friend lies in an unknown spot? Do you weep because you can not plant myrtles and strew flowers above the unmarked grave, and sigh that no marble speaks of the worth and guides to the resting-place of the departed one? Remember that he who, favored as none other has been, talked with God 'face to face,' at the same time the greatest and the meekest man, has, for thousands of years, lain where man knoweth not his sepulcher."

PEACE ONLY IN GOD—THE WORLD'S TESTIMONY.—

"For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Jer. ii, 13.

Many hundreds of thousands on earth and in heaven now constitute the entire Church which has been redeemed, and all come with the same language as to the power of the world to furnish enjoyment. They have turned away from the broken cisterns, and have come back to the fountain of living waters. . . . I see among them men with crowned heads, laying the diadem at the feet of the Redeemer, and exchanging their princely robes for the garments of salvation. I see men coming from the halls of splendor and seeking for happiness in the religion of the Savior. I see them come from the circles of the great, and the gay, and the rich, from the

splendid party, the ball-room, and the theater, and confessing that the happiness which they sought was not to be obtained there, and seeking it now in God. Satisfied now that the world can not meet the desires of the immortal mind, they come back to their Maker, and find permanent bliss in the Christian hope of immortality. A recently-deceased poet has beautifully expressed the feelings of them all, as they approach the Cross:

"People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me unto rest!
Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign."

CHRIST JESUS ALL AND IN ALL.—"I have set the Lord always before my face; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved." *Psa. xvi, 8.*

A very old German author discourses thus tenderly of Christ:

"My soul is like a hungry and a thirsty child, and I need his love and consolations for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove, pursued by a hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and I need his Cross to lay hold of and wind myself about it; I am a sinner, and I need his righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace; I am ignorant, and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of his Holy Spirit.

"In no situation, and at no time, can I do without him. Do I pray? he must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the Divine tribunal? he must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? he must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? he must defend me. When I am forsaken, he must be my support; when dying, my life; when moldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will rather part with all the world and all that it contains, than with thee, my Savior; and, God be thanked, I know that thou too art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; thou hast righteousness, and I sin; thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me, then, my Savior, for whatever purpose, and in whatever way, thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with thy love. Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of thy name; my love, and all my powers, for the advancement of thy honor and the service of thy believing people. And never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say, 'Jesus needs me, and I him, and so we suit each other.'"

Notes and Queries.

SPACE—J. P. L. REVIEWED.—"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Job xxxviii, 2.

Answer: It is J. P. L., in the December number of the Repository in reference to *space*. It abounds in the "salt idea." He tells us it is "nothing," yet in the same breath it is "unlimited and illimitable," and intimates that when Deity fills it with matter, the matter will be illimitable too. Take the sentence, "reduce the physical universe to nihility, and we annihilate the idea of space." Query: Who ever heard of annihilating *nothing*, or the *idea of nothing*? And where was the eternal God, who filleth immensity, before matter was created—for there was a time when the first work of creation began, and consequently a time before it began, when naught but God existed. Now, will this sage metaphysician tell us what became of the Almighty when there was no place or space for him? Again: "if matter never had existed, the idea of space could never have existed." Query: If space had not existed, could matter? seeing all matter must of necessity occupy space.

According to this abstruse metaphysician space is created; that whenever God creates matter he creates a place to put it. And again: "is locality predicable of spirits?" He takes for granted that it is not. Now, if a spirit does not possess ubiquity it occupies some one definite place or point in space. Will he say it is omnipresent? I guess not; for it is simply absurd.

But to cap the climax, he tells us that there is "no space in the universe." I wonder if he thought any body would believe that. Well, wisdom and knowledge are good things, at least our mothers taught us so; but I suspect that this writer has made himself dizzy-headed peeping into mysteries, and comes out like Crockett's man, "at the same hole he went in at," knowing nothing about *space*. If he has not in a few words "darkened counsel by words without knowledge," I'd like to know how it could be done.

D. O.

THEOLOGICAL QUIBBLE.—Answer.—The fallacy in the argument lies in restricting the effect of the atonement to, and making it necessary only in case of actual transgression. And this prophetic declaration will disprove the minor premise. "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." Zech. xiii, 1. Sin implies transgression; uncleanness, that moral turpitude arising from the fall of man which disqualifies for all intercourse with God. 1 Corinthians xv, 22, plainly teaches that as in Adam all have become corrupt and liable to death, so if any are saved from the ultimate effects of Adam's sin, it will be through Christ.

The object of the atonement is not only to expiate for actual guilt, but to remove impurity—a fountain for sin and uncleanness. Infants are unclean, impure, and hence need the atonement. It was but just

that God should save those who had never sinned; hence the atonement for infants vindicated God's justice. But God could not take impurity to his bosom; hence mercy, conspiring with justice to bring irresponsible humanity to God, offered the only Son for the unclean. J. G. C.

THEOLOGICAL QUIBBLE.—Another Answer.—The first premise is untrue. Such is the intimate connection of Adam and his descendants that his guilt is imputed to them, and for this imputed guilt God could as legally punish as for actual guilt. Since "in Adam all died," all, including infants, must have suffered the full penalty of that death had not all been made alive in Christ. Through him their salvation is a combination of both mercy and justice. J. M. W.

HELL.—A Universalist encountered me some time ago with the following argument against the existence of hell as a place of future and endless punishment. Hell was not created when the heavens and the earth were created, or the Bible would have said so. It was not created *before*, for then the creation of the heavens and the earth would not have been "in the beginning." It was not created *afterward*, for in six days God finished all the works of the creation—therefore, hell was not created at all.

Now, if there is any such place as hell, it must either have been created or have existed from all eternity. But it was not created, as we have seen above, and it did not exist from all eternity, for nothing is eternal but God himself—therefore, there is no such place as hell.

I would be very glad to see a refutation of the above in the Notes and Queries. J. B. A.

"FIRE AWAY, FLANAGAN."—Cromwell having marched his army southward, came to a castle garrisoned by some rebels, under the command of a Flanagan, who sent Cromwell a violent philippic, ending with an order to quit the place, or he would open his cannon on the English forces. Cromwell returned the note, with his reply written in the corner of themissive: "Fire away, Flanagan." The laconic reply so frightened the redoubtable Flanagan, that he fled without firing a shot.

QUERIES.—Suppose that a man starts from Cincinnati at noon on Tuesday and travels westward as fast as the sun appears to go, it would be noon to him all the time. How far would he travel before the inhabitants would tell him "it is Wednesday noon?"

S. N. F.

EFFECT AND AFFECT.—Is effect, when a verb, ever used as synonymous with affect? If not, which is proper in the following sentence: "The payment of the money does not affect—or effect—the judgment?"

SIGMA.

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM.—Given, $x^2 + \frac{1}{x} = 18$; to find value of x .

Bibbnerd for Children.

BENNY'S NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

It was a very quiet, pleasant room where Benny sat, just one week before New-Year's, and as he watched the fire, burning so clear and ruddy in the grate, and then looked at the loving face of his mother, who was reading by the table, he could not help thinking how very happy and comfortable he was, and how much he had to be thankful for. Then he thought about New-Year's, and began to wonder what his mother would give him for a present, and whether his uncle John would not send him something. "I think he might," thought Benny; "he is rich, and might buy me a pony just as well as not, and I've read about boys that got such presents. That would be worth having, but I never get any thing, only some little thing that I do n't care much for."

Presently his mother laid aside her book and drew her chair close to Benny, asking gently,

"What is my little boy thinking about?"

Benny did not like to tell her all about his thoughts, so he only answered,

"About New-Year's, mother."

His mother sat for a few moments looking at the fire, and then she said,

"I have been reading a letter to-day, Benny, from a very dear Friend of mine, who offers to make you a New-Year's present."

"O, mother," said Benny eagerly, "is it uncle John?"

"No, Benny," said his mother very quietly, "it is some One a great deal richer and better than uncle John; some One who loves you better, and has done more for you than any one else."

"I do n't see who it can be," said Benny.

"The gift he offers you," said his mother, "is so precious that if you only had it the whole world could not buy it of you, and yet I am very much afraid my little son does not want it."

"Not want it, mother!" exclaimed Benny, "of course I want it; only tell me what it can be."

"You need not wait till New-Year's for it," said his mother, "you may have it to-night. Indeed, you might have had it long ago if you had been willing to accept it." Benny looked very much puzzled, and his mother turned to the table and took in her hand the open Bible that lay upon it.

"Here, Benny," said she, "is my letter from the kindest and best of Friends. Our Father in heaven sent us this blessed Word, to comfort and guide us always. Now listen to the offer which this kind Father, this great and powerful king, makes to every one of us, and remember that God is always just as good as his word, and does exactly as he says he will." Then she read very slowly these words, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"That is the gift," said his mother, "a new heart. Every night when I kneel down to pray, I ask my Heavenly Father to give my little boy a new heart; and now, Benny, when I pray to him to-night what shall I tell him? Shall I tell him you want this precious gift?"

Benny was silent for a moment, and then he said very thoughtfully,

"I do n't know, mother. Sometimes I think I would give any thing if I only had a new heart, and was a real, true Christian; but then somehow I never feel like trying hard enough for it. I believe I am too lazy."

"But, Benny," said his mother, "you do n't suppose you can make yourself any better by just trying, do you? You

must ask God to give you the new heart, and if you are really in earnest in asking, he will surely hear you."

"I know, mother," said Benny, "but it is just this way. Last Sunday, when the superintendent talked to us boys so earnestly about beginning to live a new life, I made up my mind in right good earnest to be a Christian. Well, after Sunday school Fred Wiley and I walked home together, and I had a good mind to tell him about how I felt, and get him to try too; but I was afraid to speak about it, so we went on, and the first I knew we got to talking about my new sled, and I got angry because Fred said the runners were clumsy, and we disputed all the rest of the way. After I got home I remembered about the new life, and I thought I would begin all over again in the morning, but I woke up so late I had to hurry down to breakfast, and I forgot my prayers, and then it was so cold I hated to go out for the wood, and waited till almost school-time, so I was late at school and Mr. Allen marked me, and that made me angry again. So it went all day, and at night, when I thought it all over, I just said, 'It's no use trying,' and turned over and went to sleep. It is always so, mother, and I have tried ever so many times."

Benny's face looked very sober, and his mother laid her hand lovingly upon his head as she answered this long story of troubles.

"Do n't you see, Benny," said she, "just where you failed last Sunday? You thought you would be a Christian; I wonder if you said in your heart, 'O, Lord, here is a little weak, ignorant, sinful boy, who wants to be thy child. Please to teach me just what to do, and help me to do right and love thee with all my heart.'"

"Why, no, mother," said Benny, "I did n't think any thing like that. I only said, Now I'm going to be a Christian."

"You did n't trust the Lord, then, so much as you did Benny Stone; and then you were ashamed to tell Fred Wiley about your good resolution, for fear he would laugh at you, and this shows you were not quite in earnest. Then, even after all the wrong things you did on Monday, instead of giving all up as you did, suppose you had kneeled down and told the Lord all about it, and asked him to forgive you all the past for Christ's sake, and help you to do better—do n't you think he would have helped you?"

"I suppose so," said Benny, "but I only felt discouraged, and I thought God must be discouraged about me too."

"He does not get discouraged about us, Benny, but his love and patience are so much greater than ours, that sometimes we can hardly understand how he can forgive us as he does. And now what do you mean to do about it? Are you going to give up trying?"

"No, mother," said Benny, "not so bad as that."

"Well, then, why not begin now?" said his mother. "To be a Christian is not to make good resolutions, and then wait for some great temptation to try them, but just to do right now, this moment, and the next, and the next; doing every little duty as it comes to you, and all because your dear Father in heaven wants it of you, and you mean, just as far as you can, to do his will and live to please him. And the more you fail the more you need to pray. God is always strong enough, and loving enough to keep us, if we only trust him to do it."

"Is that all, mother?" said Benny. "Why, I have all the time been trying to make myself into something different. I did n't exactly know what; but I thought if I was a Christian I should feel very different all at once, and should n't want to do any naughty things ever again. But it is only to begin to live right now, this minute, and really trust God to help me to keep on so. I think I can do that."

Benny was silent a moment and then said, "But, mother, it seems to me as though when I do any wrong thing, God would add it to all the wrong things I've done before, and lay it up against me."

Once more his kind mother opened the Bible, and this time she read,

"Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." That is the promise, Benny, 'I will remember them no more.'"

And Benny could only say, "Why, how good that is!"

Then they knelt down together by the quiet fireside and prayed that the dear Lord for Christ's sake would remember the little boy's sins no more, and help him to begin from that very moment to seek for a new heart by doing right and trusting God always. And Benny Stone's new life began that very hour.

SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

Come stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,
And evening is creeping along:
The snow-fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the Winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks they are ruddy and warm,
But out in the cold of the Winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
O, thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed.

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day,
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil your way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now go to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep,
Unseen by your vision, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep.
Then pray that the Shepherd, who guideth
The lambs that he loveth so well,
May lead you in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

E. H. MILLER.

PA, YOU BLOWED MY EYES OUT.—Our little Kittle, two years old, says some funny things. On retiring to rest the other night, we blew out the light, when she suddenly exclaimed, "There, pa, you blew my eyes out; that's too bad!" On lighting the candle again she said, "There, I've got my eyes again." C. N. G.

WRITING A LETTER TO GOD.—We have a little Eddie here in his fourth year, who seems quite disposed to say smart and beautiful things. The last fine thing was yesterday. He was amusing himself with paper and pencil. His mother said, "What you doing, Eddie?" With a tender tone he replied, "I'll tell you, mamma. I am writing a letter to God, to ask him to tell the angels to come and take me up to see him." J. B. F.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.—Answer to No. I in our October number—*an apple*—given by Master J. W. C., of New York city. Answer to No. II in the same number—in a *mirror* or *looking-glass*—given by O. A. S. and E. A. M., of Poland, Ohio. Answer to No. I in our November number—the *five vowels*; answer to No. II in the same number—*kite*—both given by O. A. S. and E. A. M. Answer to riddle in the

December number—*wig*—given by Master R. T. M., of Indianapolis, J. M. E., of Adrian, and A. Q. L., of Cincinnati.

ANSWER TO CHARADE in the December number—*cat-a-strophe*—answered by Master J. W. C. and Miss E. R. W., of Bangor, Me.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM in the same number—*lawyers*—answered by Martin L. Keplinger, Franklin, Ill.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM in same number—*civic*—given by Miss L. S. R., of Baltimore, and J. B. B., of Dayton, O.

ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM—Howitt and Burns—given by Adam C. Fox, Cincinnati.

HOW A CUNNING FOX MANAGED TO GET THE MILK.—A tame fox, that was kept in a stable yard, was on very friendly terms with several of the dogs, but he could never induce any of the cats to come near him. Cats have a very keen smell, and the odor arising from the fox was displeasing to them; they would not walk on any spot where he had been standing, and kept at as great a distance from him as possible. The fox soon saw the distaste of the cats to his company; so he made use of his knowledge to cheat them out of their breakfasts. As soon as their allowance of milk was poured out, he would run to the spot and walk around the saucer, knowing that none of the cats would approach the defiled place. Day after day were the cats deprived of their milk, but the trick of the fox having been discovered, it was removed to some place where he could not get it. The fox not liking to be deprived of his morning draught, fell upon another plan of obtaining it. The dairy-maid was in the habit of passing through the yard where the fox was, so he managed to go up to her and brush himself against one of the pails, the milk was immediately so tainted with the smell of the fox, that the dairy-maid did not venture to take it into the house; so she poured it out into a vessel and gave it to the cunning animal. He repeated this several times with success; but when the spoiled milk was given to the pigs, he left off troubling himself about it.

RIDDLES FOR SOLUTION.—Will our young readers try their ingenuity on the following and give us the result?

I.

Two women went to market to sell their eggs, one had more in her basket than the other; the one who had the most said to the other, "Give me one of your eggs, and then I shall have double the number that you have." "No," said the other; "give me one of yours, and then we shall have equal." How many eggs had each of these women?

II.

A SHOEMAKER makes shoes without any leather,
With all the four elements put together—
Fire, water, earth, and air—
And every customer takes two pair.

III.

I'm seen in the moon, but not in the sun;
I'm put in a pistol, but not in a gun;
I'm found in a fork, but not in a knife;
I belong to the parson, but not to his wife;
I go with the rogue, but not with the thief;
I'm seen in a book, but not in a leaf;
I stay in a town, but not in the street;
I go with your toes, but not with your feet.

CHARADES.—

I.

My first is a man of the most exalted state; my second, though industrious and inured to hardships, is generally a man of low condition, expert at a catch; my whole is a pretty little animal, which, the poets say, was a beautiful though unfortunate lady.

II.

My first opposes you; my second enriches you; my whole is the delight of the notable.

Hussey's Cleanings.

BARKING AT MINISTERS—ANECDOTE OF STERNE.—A certain class of corrupt political demagogues have for years kept up an incessant barking at the ministers of the Gospel. To them the following anecdote is not inapplicable:

Sterne, so celebrated as the author of *Tristram Shandy*, and the *Sentimental Journey*, was of Cambridge University; no strict priest, but, as a clergyman, not likely to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee-house, he observed a spruce, powdered young fellow by the fireside, who was speaking of the clergy, in a mass, as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up, while the young man was haranguing, and approached toward the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favorite little dog. Coming at length toward the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow—"Sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one disorder!" "What disorder is that?" replied the young fellow. "Why, sir," said Sterne, "one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black." "That is a singular disorder," replied the young fellow; "pray, how long has he had it?" "Sir," replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness, "ever since he was a puppy!"

TAKE TO THE LONG-BOAT—PULPIT ANECDOTE OF WHITEFIELD.—It is well known that Whitefield often employed dramatic figures and apostrophes in his sermons with tremendous effect. The following is narrated of him when preaching before the seamen in New York city. In the most impassioned part of his discourse he exclaimed:

"Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea, before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! Do n't you hear distant thunder? Do n't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves rise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! The tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam ends! What next?" It is said that the unsuspecting tars, reminded of former perils on the deep, as if struck by the power of magic, arose, with united voices and minds, and exclaimed, "Take to the long-boat."

BEGGING OF A PRODIGAL MAN.—The philosophy of the following anecdote will be patent to our readers:

Diogenes begging, as was the custom among many philosophers, asked a prodigal man for more than any one else; whereupon one said to him, "I see your business, that when you find a liberal mind, you will make the most of him." "No," said Diogenes, "but I mean to beg of the rest again."

PRICKED BY A HOBNAIL.—Anecdotes of old Ben Jonson will never cease. Here is one we have just stumbled upon, in which the celebrated wit plays a part not usual with him:

Ben Jonson being one night at the tavern, there was a country gentleman in the company, who interrupted all other discourse with an account of his land and tenements; at last Ben, unable to bear it longer, said to him, "What signifies

your dirt and clods to us? where you have one acre of land, I have ten acres of wit." "Have you so," said the countryman, "good Mr. Wisesacre?" This unexpected repartee from the clown struck Ben quite mute for a time. "Why, how now, Ben?" said one of the company; "you seem to be quite stung." "I never was so pricked by a hobnail before," replied he.

HOW ARE COALS?—During the ruling of "high prices" for coal in Cincinnati this Winter, the following incident occurred:

A somewhat pompous gentleman, wishing to learn the price of coal, reined his steeds up near a fleet of coal barges and called out, "Well, Paddy, how are coals?" "Black as ever, your honor," was the ready reply.

HOW OLIVER CROMWELL'S CHAPLAIN GOT MARRIED.—The following characteristic anecdote of Cromwell exhibits "sharp practice" on the part of the old Puritan:

Mr. Jeremy White, one of Oliver Cromwell's domestic chaplains, a sprightly man, and one of the chief wits of the court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to Oliver's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady did not discourage him; but in so religious a court, this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of. The Protector was told of it, and was much concerned thereat; he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising if he could give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punished.

The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White, as he was generally called, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the Protector, to acquaint him that they were together.

Oliver, in a rage, hastened to the chamber, and, going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees, either kissing the lady's hand, or having just kissed it. Cromwell in a fury asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and can not prevail; I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me."

The Protector, turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy; why do you refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? he is my friend, and I expect you should treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass?" said Cromwell, "call Goodwyn; this business shall be done presently, before I go out of the room."

Mr. White was gone too far to go back; his brother parson came: Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the Protector, who gave her five hundred pounds for her portion, which, with what she had saved before, made Mr. White easy in his circumstances, except that he never loved his wife, nor she him, though they lived together near fifty years afterward.

REPUTATION FOR VERACITY.—A witness was called upon to testify concerning the reputation of another witness for veracity. "Why," said he, "I hardly know what to tell you. M. sometimes jests and jokes, and then I do n't believe him; but when he undertakes to tell any thing for a fact, I believe him about as much as I do the rest of my neighbors."

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

DEATH OF TWO INDIAN MISSIONARIES.—Our mission in India has been sorely bereaved by the death of two noble missionary women—Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Thoburn. The former was the adopted daughter of Rev. Dr. J. T. Peck. In company with her husband, she sailed for her missionary field April 9, 1857. Since her arrival in India her services have been constant and valuable. Her death was glorious. The maiden name of Mrs. Thoburn was Rockwell. She sailed for India April 15, 1859, as the wife of Rev. J. R. Downey. When he died at his post sister Downey had the privilege of returning home, but she chose to remain in the mission, taking charge of the girls in the orphan school. Subsequently she was married to the Rev. J. M. Thoburn. She was abundant and successful in her labors; died in the Lord, and has left behind her a precious memory.

CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Trustees of this institution have recently become the purchasers of the school buildings and boarding house so long known as the Wesleyan Female College of this city, paying therefor the sum of \$32,100. The old burying-ground donated to them for school purposes is worth at least double this sum; and when all incumbrances are removed, and the purchase money for the buildings paid, they will have sufficient means to endow the institution on a solid basis. It is not likely that they will pursue the doubtful policy of issuing scholarship scrip; but they can still so reduce the price of tuition as to make it practicable for parents with small means to give their daughters a first-class education. There will be no interregnum in the school, which will be continued as usual. The second session for the current academical year begins on the first Monday of the present month.

NEW EDUCATIONAL ENTERPRISE.—Daniel Drew, Esq., intends to purchase ground in the vicinity of New York, for the purpose of establishing a college there. He proposes, it is said, to endow it with five hundred thousand dollars. This is a munificent donation, and the founder of the new institution acts wisely in being his own executor in the matter. Our readers will recollect the portrait and sketch of Mr. Drew, which was published in our September number for 1859.

WILBRAHAM ACADEMY, MASS.—The new building for this honored institution has been completed at a cost of \$60,000. It is two hundred and forty-two feet front, three stories high, with an ell a hundred feet, three stories, all averaging about forty feet in width—contains about one hundred rooms for students, each twelve by fifteen feet, arranged for the ample accommodation of two persons in each room. The house is heated by steam. An abundant supply of water is carried to each of the stories, where there are wash-bowls and bathing tubs conveniently arranged. It is believed that a more perfect structure for the purpose for which it has been built has never yet been erected.

TROY UNIVERSITY.—This institution has passed into the hands of the Catholics. It was purchased first at sheriff's sale by Hillman & Peck, bankers, of Troy, New York. They hoped to save it to the Methodist Church. But when that hope failed it was sold to the Catholics for about \$60,000. The original cost was \$126,000. Hereafter the institution will be known as the Provincial Theological Seminary, under the special recognition of Archbishop Hughes. Wiser management and little less wind-work on the part of its Trustees and Faculty would have saved the Church from disgrace and the cause from serious harm. When shall we learn wisdom in regard to the multiplication and management of our literary institutions?

STATISTICS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Annual Minutes for 1862 is just published. We gather from it the following statistics: There are 51 Conferences, containing seven bishops, 6,655 traveling preachers, and 942,906 members. We reckon in this estimate the two foreign Conferences and the missionary bishop. The decrease since last year in the number of preachers is 279, and in members over 45,000. This decrease is apparent rather than real. In looking over the Minutes we find a large number of circuits and stations where the statistics were not reported to Conference, and a few where the figures of last year are given. These, of course, diminish the difference greatly. There are 9,940 churches, whose probable value is \$20,605,981, and 2,792 parsonages, valued at \$2,681,790. This year, for missions, \$239,340 was contributed, being an increase of \$14,256 over last year. If the spiritual welfare of the Church does not appear so favorably this year as last—taking the number of members as an index—its financial interests have a much better showing. The year, though one of general distress in the nation, is, upon the whole, one of general prosperity in the Church.

THE COST OF WAR AND THE COST OF MISSIONS.—More than sixty millions of dollars have been given in private bounties since the war began, of which sum, it is thought, one-third, or twenty millions, may safely be said to have been contributed by members of evangelical congregations. It is a suggestive fact that one-third of this amount, twenty millions of dollars, is more than the whole amount given to the missionary cause during the last thirty years.

GYPSEUM IN MICHIGAN.—A deposit of gypsum, one hundred and fifty acres in extent, and equal to the best Nova Scotia article, has been discovered within sixty rods of Tawns Bay, Saginaw county, Michigan. It is pure white plaster, and the bed has been bored into fifteen or twenty feet without going through. It can be mined for fifty cents per ton. This discovery is of great importance, as the deposit is near to the route which all westward-bound vessels take.

QUICKSILVER MINES IN CALIFORNIA.—Among the inexhaustible resources of California, quicksilver is one

of the most interesting and profitable, for the simple reason that the cost of mining and extracting the metal from its ore, the cinnabar, is the least expensive of all the costly and valuable ones, such as gold, silver, and copper. The yield of quicksilver is from 75 per cent. down to 25 per cent., and the mode of separating is quite simple. The New Almaden mine has sixteen furnaces, producing daily one hundred flasks of seventy-five pounds of quicksilver each. There are numerous other cinnabar mines, and the likelihood is that quicksilver will soon form an important item of export. Cinnabar, when ground fine, is called vermilion. It was made an article of traffic by the Indians along the coast as their red paint. From them the early white settlers of California learned the locality.

POPULATION OF ROME.—The population of Rome consists of 48,000 cardinals, prelates, priests, and other paid servants of the Church; 10,000 monks and nuns; 1,000 beggars who pay for a permit of the first class to be allowed to ply their trade on the steps of the doors of the church of St. Peter's; 5,000 beggars who pay for a permit of the second class to be allowed to beg freely at the doors of the other churches, before the theaters, and in the streets and squares; 2,000 maidens and wives whose profession it is to act as models for painters and sculptors, or, when not needed for this purpose, to beg; 4,000 foreign soldiers; 30,000 servants; 20,000 Israelitish pariahs; 50,000 Roman citizens who take no part in the civic affairs of the city, and who live in a state bordering on absolute poverty.

A LARGE HOTEL.—The Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, is finished, and is the largest in the world. It is equivalent to eight stories high; contains 515 rooms, 21 parlors, 27 acres of plastering, 7 acres of flooring, 32 miles of bell-wire, 9½ miles of base-board, 12 miles of gas, steam, and water-pipe, 1½ miles, or 1,980 yards, of hall, 810 windows, and 14,000 feet of painted imitation cornice. The quantity of bricks used in the building is 8,000,000. In the basement there is a railroad running the entire length for the transportation of heavy articles, and above are two steam elevators, for lifting fuel and baggage from the ground to the floors above.

CINCINNATI LADIES' HOME MISSION.—The Cincinnati Ladies' Home Mission has just purchased a lot, 50 feet by 95, at Brighton, within the city limits, for a mission church. They have already an English Sunday school there with about one hundred and fifty scholars, and a German Sunday school with about two hundred and fifteen. Heretofore they have found it difficult to get a suitable place in which to fold their flock. Seeing their great need, a wealthy German living in the neighborhood, yet not in any way connected with the Church, donated \$500 upon the lot, while another gentleman—a true Christian philanthropist—gave the balance, \$2,000, thus securing the lot free of debt to the Home Mission. A neat brick church, designed mainly for Sunday school purposes, will cost about \$2,500 more.

PLENTY OF WESTERN COLLEGES.—In the little city of Abingdon, ten miles south of Galesburg, the Campbellites have a college. The Cumberland Presbyterians and Methodists have each a seat of learning, all

in the same city. In Galesburg the Universalists have a college, and the Presbyterians have Knox College. In this place—Prairie City—the Free-Will Baptists have an institution of learning. Here are six denominational seats of learning within about twenty miles on one railroad. There is one also at Knoxville, only four miles from Galesburg. If other parts of the West are as well supplied, surely the rising generation will be well supplied with teachers and preachers.

PORK-PACKERS AND THE SABBATH.—Heretofore there has been no Sabbath with our pork-trade. We are happy to state that there is at last a change in this respect. A paper was recently drawn up, and generally signed by packers, in which the subscribers pledge themselves not to pack hogs on the Sabbath, or receive hogs slaughtered on that day. Several of the slaughterers signified their readiness to coöperate in the movement. It is to be hoped that all the establishments will unite in it, and that hereafter the pork-trade, not only here but elsewhere, will have a Sabbath.

AN ANCIENT ROMAN CAMP.—The Emperor Napoleon recently went to the village of Berry-au-Beck, about thirty miles from Compeigne, to visit the site of the camp of Caesar. Excavations have laid open a ditch of four thousand meters in extent, which defended the front and approaches of the camp as well as the four entrances which led into it.

NEW STATE ADMITTED.—The bill for the admission of the new State of Western Virginia has been signed by the President, and it only remains for the people of the State to ratify the terms of the admission to constitute a new republic in our national Union. There is little doubt that this will be done. For years the western part of Virginia has been totally distinct in its politics and interests from the rest of the State, and the question of a separate existence has been often discussed. Hereafter Western Virginia will be a free State. With a fertile soil, inexhaustible treasures of coal, salt, and other minerals, a climate unsurpassed in the temperate zone, and a brave, energetic population, it will soon redeem itself from its long lethargy and the curse of slavery, and, perhaps, outstrip some of its more favored neighbors. We welcome it as the youngest born of the nation into the noble sisterhood of States.

VALUABLE RELICS IN THE PAPER-MILLS.—The material now brought to the paper-mills is curious beyond any thing ever before known. The New England Historical Society has appointed committees to visit the various paper-mills. The object is to save from destruction ancient manuscripts and publications, sold as paper material by persons who are ignorant as to their value. Rare autograph letters are thus preserved that otherwise would have disappeared forever.

HORSE-FLESH AS FOOD.—A Berlin journal states that there are now in the Prussian capital seven butcher shops for the sale of horse-flesh, and that seven hundred and fifty horses have been killed in the past year for their supply. No animal can be slaughtered for these establishments without a certificate from the veterinary surgeon of the police.

Library Notes.

(1.) *THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA* critically examined. By the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. 12mo. 230 pp. \$1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—We have been accustomed to hear the alleged discrepancies and difficulties in the Mosaic history urged by infidels as objections to revelation and religion. And the ground has been gone over again and again, showing that these discrepancies and difficulties are for the most part merely imaginary, or have crept into the text in such a way as not in the least to invalidate the question of a divine revelation. But, behold, a marvel is before us! a Bishop of the Church of England takes up the old exploded fictions, breathes new life into them. He indeed does not propose to demonstrate infidelity or to destroy religion, but simply assumes that the Pentateuch is unhistorical, or, so far as history is concerned, fictitious in its character. At the same time he claims for it a spiritual and religious value. The Bishop claims to have reached his conclusions from independent investigation. We, however, do not see that he has brought forward any thing which has not been discussed pro and con by the orthodox and rationalistic theologians of Germany during the last fifty years. His arguments relate to the question whether Judah's grandsons, Hezron and Hamul, could have been born, as the Scriptures seem to state, before the journey of Jacob into Egypt; to the small number of first-born among the six hundred thousand men of Israel; to the very inadequate size of the Tabernacle as compared with the multitude of worshipers; to the difficulty of carrying out the requirements of the Levitical law during the journey of the Israelites; that two millions could be gathered together, leave Egypt so suddenly, and be sustained in the wilderness so long; and other points which commentators have differently explained. The book is more remarkable for its origin than for any thing else. The Bishop is evidently honest in his work; indeed, a vein of reverent piety runs through the whole of it. But he has evidently mistaken his own mission and strength. This is the same missionary Bishop who, a few years since, favored the continuance of polygamy among the heathen converts. A London paper gives publicity to the following jew d'esprit at the expense of the Bishop:

"To Natal, where savage men so
Err in faith and badly live,
Forth from England went Colenso,
To the heathen light to give.

But, behold the issue awful!
Christian, vanquished by Zulu,
Says polygamy is lawful,
And the Bible is n't true."

We are planning to give this work a more thorough overhauling.

(2.) *ESSAYS BY HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, and illustrated with a*

Photographic Portrait. 12mo. 209 pp. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—There are only two "essays" in this volume. The first is a review of John Stuart Mill on Liberty; the second an address delivered at the Royal Institute on The Influence of Woman on the Progress of Knowledge. Both these discourses are full of suggestive knowledge, often, however, grouped so as to minister to error rather than truth. Buckle's characteristic heresies are well known. His adhesion to them was pertinacious to the last degree, and his defense of them was pursued with a doggedness which allowed no opportunity to fail. A great mind, fragmentary, ill-applied, and, so far as all practical ends are concerned, wasted. The biographical sketch is like its subject, brilliant, incomplete, unsatisfactory. In the second of the above essays, Mr. Buckle combats the proposition "that women have no concern with the highest forms of knowledge; that such matters are altogether out of their reach; that they should confine themselves to practical, moral, and domestic life, which it is their province to exalt and beautify; but that they can exercise no influence, direct or indirect, over the progress of knowledge; and that if they seek to exercise such influence, they not only fail in their object, but will restrict the field of their really-useful and legitimate activity." This proposition Mr. Buckle combats with great force, research, and ingenuity. His main position is that women naturally prefer the deductive method to the inductive, and by encouraging in men deductive habits of thought have rendered an immense though unconscious service to the progress of knowledge. Some of the illustrations and deductions of the author are really curious and highly interesting. We will try to return to them again.

(3.) *THE BOOKS OF BLESSINGS* is one of the neat little boxes of books issued by the Book Concern. It embraces eight volumes, written by the Misses Warner, ladies who have won a high reputation as accomplished and successful writers for the young. Their titles are, *The Little Black Hen*, *The Two School-Girls*, *Martha's Hymn*, *Gertrude and her Cat*, *The Prince in Disguise*, *The Carpenter's House*, *The Rose in the Desert*, *Althea*. The whole, neatly bound in red muslin, with gilt backs, illustrated with twenty-four fine cuts, and inclosed in a box, may be bought for \$2.25.

(4.) *ROBIN RANGEER'S LIBRARY*, for good little boys and girls, comprises ten volumes of smaller size, but got up in the same style as the preceding. Their titles are, *The Magic-Lantern*, *Up in the Garret*, *Sunshine Hall*, *Summer Days*, *Johnny and his Mother*, *Out in the Garden*, *Naughty Jack*, *Winter Days*, *Out of School*, *Grandma Gray*. Price, \$1.25.

(5.) *AUNT HATTIE'S STORIES* for the Little Folks at Home consists of ten delightful little volumes in a box for \$1.25. Their titles are, *Henry Maynard's Account Book*, or, *What I Owe Papa and Mamma*; *Henry Maynard's Book of Thanks*, or, *What I Owe God*; *Henry*

Maynard Trying to Get out of Debt; The Little Captain, or, Ruling One's Own Spirit; Our Looking-Glasses; Hattie Hale's Likeness, and what it Taught her; Cousin Robert's Story; Katie and the Cup of Cold Water; Work and no Work; Constance and Carlisle, or, "Faithful in that which is Least."

The above are valuable additions to the juvenile literature of the Church.

(6.) **BUTTERFIELD'S CAMP AND OUTPOST DUTY FOR INFANTRY** is a brief manual—18mo, 124 pp., 50c.—comprising standing orders, extracts from the revised regulations for the army, rules for health, maxims for soldiers, and the duties of officers. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(7.) **THE EDINBURGH REVIEW**, for October.—This Review treats of Solar Chemistry; The Herculaneum Papyri; The Mussulmans in Sicily; The Supernatural; The English in the Eastern Seas; The Legend of St. Swithin; Life of Edward Irving; The Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; Hops at Home and Abroad; Prince Eugene of Savoy; and The American Revolution. It is needless to say that the last article is entirely in sympathy with the rebellion—gives only distorted views and facts. The dismemberment of the Union by the establishment of the Southern slave despotism and the independence of California and Oregon, seem to be matters intensely desired.

(8.) **LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW**.—The contents of the October number are, Les Miserables; The Platonic Dialogues; Modern Political Memoirs; Belgium; The Waterloo of Thiers, and Victor Hugo; Aids to Faith; China—the Taeping Rebellion; the Confederate Struggle and Recognition. The last article is perfectly in keeping with the tone and spirit of that mentioned above, only it may be a little more intense. It trusts that the time is "close at hand when we can join other European powers in recognizing an independence which is already an accomplished fact." Not quite so fast, gentlemen.

(9.) **THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW** contains, Christian Individuality, The Austrian Empire of 1862, Poems by A. H. Clough, Assimilation of Law, France and Scotland—M. Michel, Popular Prophetic Literature, Syria and the Eastern Question, St. Clement's Eve, and The American Conflict. This last article is the weakest and the meanest of the three here noticed upon American affairs; but it is quite innocuous. Some of the other articles in this number are valuable. For sale by G. N. Lewis, Cincinnati.

(10.) **CATALOGUES**.—1. Genesee College and Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y.—Rev. J. M. Reid, President of the College, assisted by five professors. William Wells, A. M., Principal of the Seminary, assisted by nine teachers. College students, 102; Seminary students, 501: total, 603.—2. Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Massachusetts—Rev. M. Raymond, D. D., Principal, assisted by eight teachers; ladies, 190; gentlemen, 231: total, 421.—3. Fort Plain Seminary, Montgomery county, N. Y.—Rev. B. I. Diefendorf, A. M., Principal, assisted by nine teachers; ladies, 107; gentlemen, 103: total, 210.—4. Newbury Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, Newbury, Vt.—George Crosby Smith, A. M., Principal, assisted by eight teachers; number of students, 412.

(11.) **ANNUAL MINUTES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**.—This invaluable document has been received at a late day, but "better late than never." It makes 244 solid, double-column 8vo pages, full of carefully collected Church statistics.

(12.) **THE OVERTHROW OF THE SLAVE POWER** is the title of an able discourse delivered before the students of the Biblical Institute at Concord, N. H., by Rev. Prof. S. M. Vail, D. D.

(13.) **WE STILL LIVE AS A NATION**—a Thanksgiving sermon delivered by Rev. T. B. M'Falls, pastor of the Assembly's Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.

(14.) **A MANUAL OF WORSHIP, Suitable to be Used in Legislative and other Public Bodies, in the Army and Navy, and in Military and Naval Academies, Asylums, Hospitals, etc.** 24mo. 132 pp. Philadelphia: G. W. Childs.—This manual has the joint recommendation of eminent clergymen of various denominations.

(15.) **MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES**. By Mrs. Ellen Wood, Author of "East Lynne," etc. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. 251 pp. Paper covers, 50 cents.

(16.) **THE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS**, for 1863. Albany, N. Y.: Luther Tucker & Son. 12mo. 25 cents.—The several numbers of the Annual Register, of which this is the ninth, constitute quite a library on rural topics, and we esteem them all very valuable. Our agricultural readers will find the series of great service to them. As we have the set entire from the beginning, we take great pleasure in recommending it, and particularly the present number.

(17.) **LESSONS FOR EVERY SUNDAY IN THE YEAR, from the Gospels and Acts**. New York: Carlton & Porter, or Orange Judd, Editor of the American Agriculturist. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 18mo. 112 pp.—This little volume, suggested by Mr. Judd and prepared by Dr. Strong and Mrs. Olin, we think one of the best Sunday school books we have seen. The lessons are short, the notes clear, and the questions full and suggestive. The most prominent points in the Gospel history are selected as the subjects of the lessons; and the narrative text rarely contains more than seven or eight verses. It is better to learn one verse thoroughly than several imperfectly; and in our own leading of Bible classes we have sometimes confined the lesson to two or three verses. A special edition of these lessons is issued by Mr. Judd. Price, 10 cents a copy, or 14 cents when sent by mail.

(18.) **CONFERENCE MINUTES**.—1. Genesee Annual Conference, Batavia, N. Y.—Bishop Morris, President; J. B. Wentworth, Secretary.—2. Black River Annual Conference, Oswego, N. Y.—Bishop Ames, President; John B. Foote, Secretary.—3. Detroit Annual Conference, Ann Arbor, Mich.—Bishop Scott, President; S. Clements, jr., Secretary.—4. Illinois Annual Conference, Bloomington, Ill.—Bishop James, President; James Leaton, Secretary.—5. Iowa Annual Conference, Washington, Iowa—Bishop Baker, President; E. H. Warring, Secretary.—6. Upper Iowa Annual Conference, McGregor, Iowa—Bishop James, President; R. W. Keeler, Secretary.

Editor's Table.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST.—Our friends will be glad to know that the subscriptions for this volume are coming in grandly. The ordeal through which we are passing is unprecedented; but thus far a kind Providence has watched over this interest of the Church and shielded it in a wonderful manner. Its friends—both ministerial and lay—have rallied to its support beyond our most sanguine expectations. A few of our brethren—very few, however, not one in five hundred—became discouraged at the outset on account of the war and “the hard times,” and failed to make the usual effort. Some of them have already discovered their mistake, and now write us that subscribers were never before obtained so easily. An earnest effort has put their subscription list even ahead of last year, and in some instances doubled it. This hint we hope will be taken by others. It is not too late yet. The Publishers say it looks a little strange to see on their mail-books one circuit with more than half the old subscribers “stopped,” and no new ones; while the circuits all around it report “all the old subscribers renewed” and a large list of new ones. They put it into our head to ask why the one circuit came out so badly—whether the fault was in the minister or the flock. But we will not do that. It might be rather personal. And besides that, the returns are so much better than our fears, and we find so much and so frequent cause for gratitude to our brethren and friends, and those who have been manifestly remiss are so few in proportion to the others, that we have little disposition to complain.

Beloved friends, having entered upon the year so auspiciously, we hope to make its journey with you pleasantly and profitably.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.—Our artist brings forth this month an engraving illustrative of one of the scenes in sacred history. “Go wash in the Pool of Siloam,” said our Savior to the blind man, after he had anointed his eyes with the clay made of spittle; and the man, obeying the direction, went and washed, and returned seeing. It is of not a little interest to be able to identify the very spot upon which this transaction occurred.

The Pool is wholly artificial. It is a deep reservoir hollowed in the solid rock. Its form is that of a parallelogram—being about fifty feet in length by twenty in width, and twenty in depth. It is supplied with water, which flows through an artificial, subterranean passage, from the Fountain of the Virgin. The distance between the pool and the fountain is about eighteen hundred feet. Drs. Robinson and Smith had the curiosity to explore this subterranean water-course. Much of the way their progress was made by crawling upon their hands and knees; and, in some instances, they could get forward only by lying at full length and dragging themselves along by their elbows. How the passage could have been excavated through the solid rock is wonderful. Only one man could have worked in it at a time, and it must have been the labor

of years. This exploration was made during the dry season, when the passage was dry. A stairway cut in the rock leads down into the pool.

De Saulcy, the enterprising French savant, did not venture to follow Drs. Robinson and Smith, in their passage through this subterranean channel. He says the water of the pool has a sweetish and unpleasant taste, though it is drank by the Fellahs without any inconvenience. They also use it in the irrigation of their vegetable gardens in the valley below. On the whole, there are few antiquarian relics around Jerusalem more clearly identified or of greater interest than the Pool of Siloam.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—*Prose.*—Thanksgiving Story; A New Contributor.

Poetry.—An Epitaph; Friendship; God Must Have Praise; God, Right, and Heaven; Sunset Musings; Retrospection; Be in Earnest; Consecrating Prayer; The Patriot's Hymn; A Heroine.

MY ARTICLE REJECTED.—In close connection with the foregoing, as we preachers often say, is the following. It speaks for itself—its quiet hint may tell somewhere:

Mr. Editor.—Some six years ago, if memory serves me right, I sent an article to the Repository for publication, signed—I do n't recollect what—which article has not yet appeared. Now, it does appear to me that a short article, like the one in question; could have been squeezed in by this time. Now, Doctor, you must admit that I have been treated with very great indifference in this matter. Permit me to ask, Can you expect to sustain a periodical like the Repository in treating friends after this manner? Why did you not copy my article and send me the copy by mail, retaining the original yourself, and apologize for delaying its publication? If I were to stop the Repository and cease to recommend it to others, what do you suppose would be the consequences? Just think of it! But, then, I confess the thing is not altogether in my own hands. My wife is really the subscriber. She, however, is not aware of the way in which I have been treated. But every body does not prize the Repository as she. Some twelve years ago, when on one of the mountain circuits of South-Western Virginia, I recommended the Repository to a friend and asked him to subscribe for it, but he told me plainly he did n't like it. “Why?” said I. He replied, “I never read a dozen lines in it.” I remarked that I was not surprised at his not liking it. Some people are hard to please.

A METHODIST.

A NOTE TO THE EDITOR.—We sometimes insert notes to our correspondents; we trust we shall be pardoned if we now and then insert one that comes the other way. Its generous recognition of the good derived from this messenger of love, in former years, is cheering to both editor and contributors. The fruits of intellectual toil are not so apparent, and may not be so soon gathered; but after all they are real and substantial:

It is with “fear and trembling” untold and inexpressible I take up my pen to address you. I scarcely believed myself capable of such temerity, but here I am inditing a note to send with an effusion from my unworthy pen. I have long been a “worshiper afar off,” yet hitherto never daring to lay my poor offering upon so sacred a shrine, where in such profusion lay those far richer and rarer.

From earliest childhood the Repository has been among the household treasures of my father's family—in what itinerant's home is it not?—and is so closely interwoven with the memory of my childish pleasures—my girlhood enjoyments, that the one always suggests the other. I can not say how much its blessed, healthful influence has had to do with my present and eternal welfare; the great coming day will alone reveal; but as I have thought how, from my earliest years, its pure teachings, its elevating precepts, have been ever before me, I have been reminded of that beautiful story by Nathaniel Hawthorne, the "Old Man of the Mountain," or the face in the rock, into whose benign image, day by day and year by year, the admiring boy was gradually molded till, when the silver of age was upon his locks, the people could no longer distinguish the one from the other, and they said, "It is he, it is he, the old man of the mountain." So it may be that I, with thousands of others, am being molded by the noble influence of the Repository into a better, purer character than is by nature my own. God grant it may be so; that you, its beloved editor, with the noble contributors to its pages, may not have labored in vain!

But I am trespassing too long upon your precious time. Do with my contribution as you will. Consign it to the editorial grate or scissors as you please, either of which it probably deserves, but please do n't suspend it. A. B. C.

A MISSIVE FROM CALIFORNIA.—It is often the case that the brief notes which accompany contributions are full of biographic interest, or of reminiscences of thought and feeling. We have often been tempted to make use of them; but it is so difficult to do it without subjecting ourself to the suspicion of egotism and vanity, that we have been deterred. We really have some vague idea that we shall draw more upon them hereafter. The following is from California:

Dear Sir,—The inclosed was not written with the hope of its publication, but merely because my heart prompted, and I obeyed its behest. Were it worthy a place in your valuable book, I should be more than gratified; but this perhaps may not be. For many years I was a regular subscriber to the Repository, from the first number ever issued almost continuously till 1858, when I left Ohio and removed to this State. Since that time it has not been my privilege to own it. But through the kindness of others I occasionally read a number, and always feel that I have enjoyed an untold pleasure. If you, as the editor, find one cheering word in my little message; if far across the wide waste of waters, which lie between us, one sympathetic chord be awakened, then am I glad I have written. May "He whose we are," give your great mission success and prosperity, and bring you at the last to his blessedness!

L. B. J.

CHRONOLOGICAL CORRECTION.—A friend jogs our recollection in regard to Washington's spending "the last six years of his Presidential service in that city." Our error was in confounding the date of the selection of the site of the capital with that of its actual removal, which occurred not till 1800.

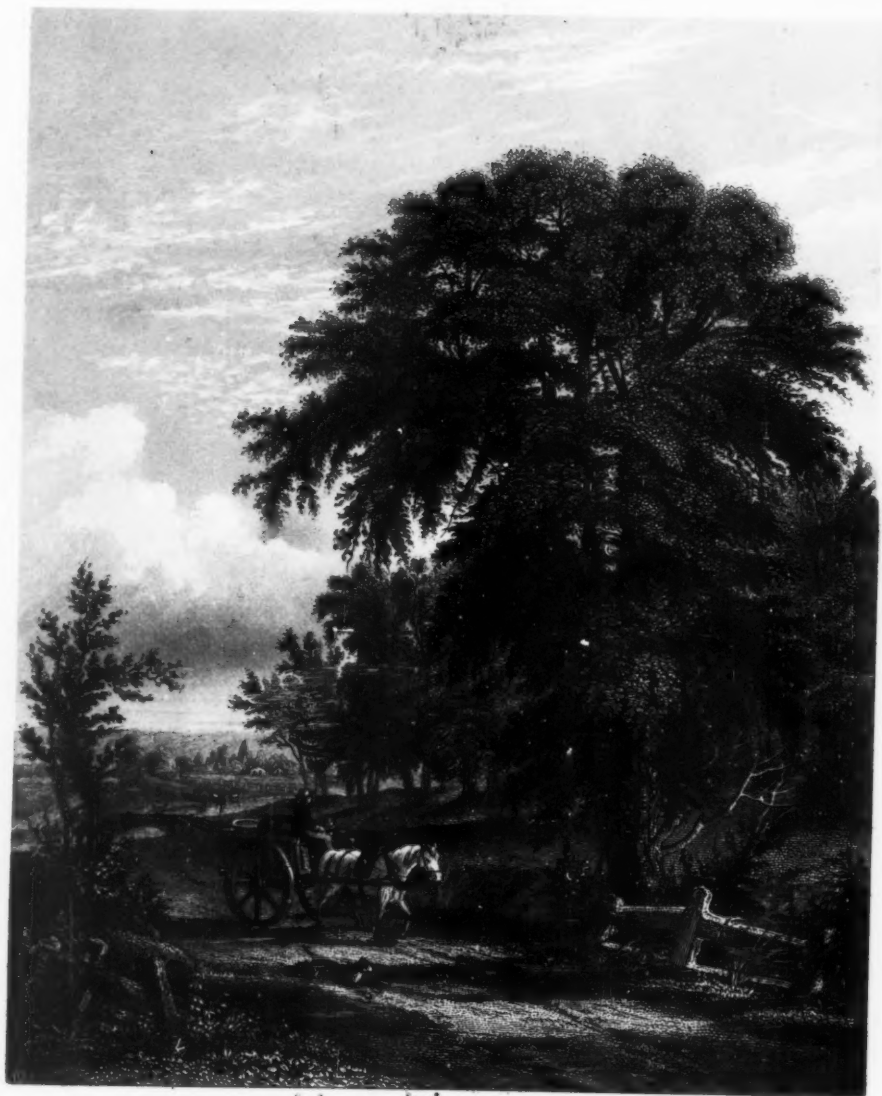
OUR MILITARY SERVICE.—That we went into the ranks when the rebel army appeared before Cincinnati we suppose we may honestly confess. But we went there *voluntarily*—entirely so. All we did was done voluntarily, and we probably should have remained longer and done still more had occasion called for it. We, however, must take the poetry off the subject by stating that we never got in sight of the enemy—never even visited the hills on the Kentucky side; but after contributing our mite toward getting some of the skulking poltroons of Cincinnati into the ranks, we found another and less warlike line to which we were

better adapted, and in which our services could be used to better purpose.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.—The emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln makes an era not only in the history of the war, but in the history of the country and of the world. The Government has been slow in reaching this point. But the inevitable logic of public events has schooled it, as well as the mind and heart of the great body of the loyal people, into the conviction of the necessity of this Proclamation as a war measure. Many will be disappointed as to its immediate results. It will be powerless only as the military arm of the Government gives it power in those States. Yet there is an immediate and great advantage in the Proclamation. It changes the whole relation of the Government to the system of slavery. Heretofore it has been under the protection of the Government; not only the civil officers of the United States, but its army and navy were compelled to the vile work of hunting up the fugitive and sending him back into bondage. Even after the slaveholders' conspiracy had ripened into rebellion, our soldiers, who had volunteered for the defense of the nation, were compelled to become the keepers of the slaves of rebels. And not a few of the Federal officers manifested more zeal and skill in catching and returning slaves than in putting down the rebellion. All this is now changed. Slavery is no longer under the protection of the Government, but under its ban. The slave may now assert his freedom in any practicable form, and the army and navy, instead of crushing his hopes, will cooperate for the securement and protection of his freedom. This change of relation is one of the grandest results thus far realized in the war.

In securing the purposes of this Proclamation, and especially in working out the freedom of over 3,000,000 of slaves, or any great portion of them, great complications will arise, and great difficulties will be encountered. But let us have faith that Providence will guide to the solution of all these complications and the removal of all these obstacles. At all events, we see no reason to apprehend the dark and bloody scenes predicted by some as inevitably consequent upon declaring freedom to the slaves. Insurrections have occurred among servile races; bloody wars have been waged by them; but these have sprung from the efforts to crush them down and to tighten the chains of their bondage. A similar course on the part of the slaveholders of our country may produce similar results among the servile race of the South. The history of the world shows that the transition from bondage to freedom does not inevitably or even naturally produce such results. In Jamaica, where the direst outrages were predicted as consequent upon the liberation of the blacks, when the hour came, instead of riot and bloodshed, the whole colored population were found thronging the churches of the living God to offer praise and thanksgiving. More recently the era of freedom to the downtrodden serfs of Russia has brought with it none of those upheavings of popular disorder so much apprehended. At all events, it is wise to do right. And the rectitude of this measure, whether considered merely as a war measure or weighed in the scales of eternal justice, is beyond question.

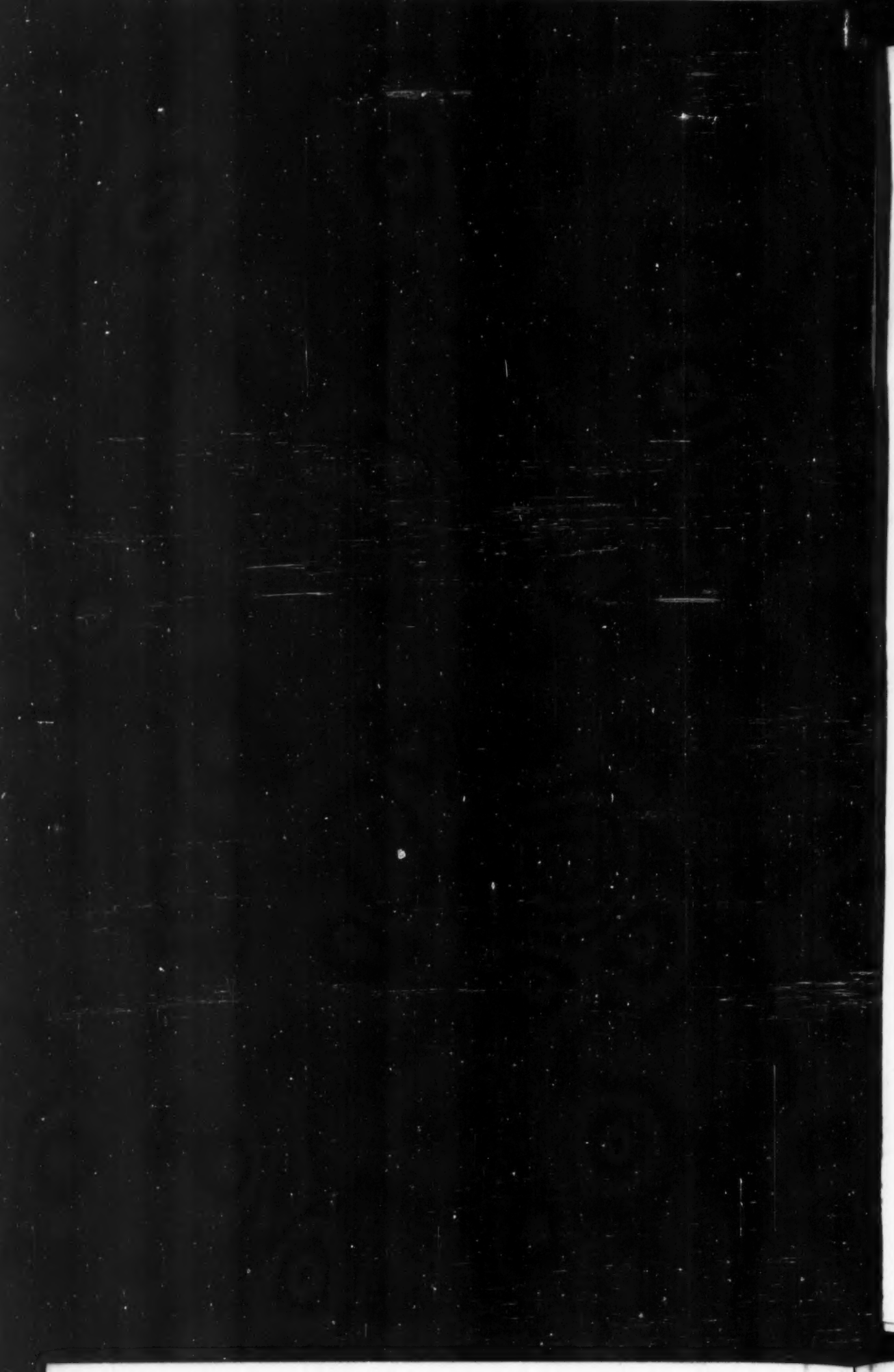
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